

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 786.—18 June, 1859.—Third Series, No. 64.

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NEIL GOW.

AFTER the lapse of nearly half a century since the death of Neil Gow, and of the greater part of a century since he electrified his countrymen by his compositions and his music, it is no easy task to discover new materials of a characteristic sort, fitted to illustrate his true inner life and habits of thought. Some of the fashionable vulgar, who were fascinated by the tones of his violin, have preserved a few of his coarse sayings, evidently drawn from Neil by still coarser liberties, and these have been paraded in lives of him, till one is actually sick of their repetition. Most of the noblemen and country gentlemen, his patrons, doubtless imagined that they did adequate homage to Neil Gow by applauding somewhat loudly his performances for the time being, thinking, however, no more of them afterwards than of the materials on which they feasted for the night. But posterity, having no such sensuous materials before it, and looking back through the dim vista of the past, sees with a more scrutinizing eye the trim, well-knit figure of Neil Gow, sitting amidst his little band, eliciting from his violin sounds that no Scotsman ever before heard, and naturally enough desires to discover the form and specifications of the nature that gave birth to them.

Neil Gow was the son of John Gow and Catherine M'Ewan, and was born at Inver, near Dunkeld, Perthshire, on the 22d of March, 1727. His father gave him the rudiments of a good common education, instructing him in reading, writing, and accounts. While still a boy, the strength and activity evinced by him, especially in the use of his arms, suggested to his parents, as an eligible employment for him, the trade of a plaid-weaver; but his intense fondness for music, and the excellence of his execution on the violin, changed the destination of his talents to the more congenial and intellectual occupation of a musician. Up to the age of thirteen, young Neil had no musical instructor; but, by attending the markets, weddings, and other merry-makings of his native district, he speedily acquired a pretty extensive knowledge of native airs, and even then he poured them forth from his violin in a manner so new and striking, that they actually appeared more like original compositions than the threadbare music of the country. Young Neil, in fact, invested the airs he had learned

with the large, strong, and characteristic feelings of his own nature, and thus they became in his hands a language of deeper significance than they previously appeared. About this period, he received some lessons from John Cameron, a person who is described as a follower of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully; but, as these were principally of a technical kind, they added nothing to Neil's powers of feeling, although, being the result of the experience of generations, they no doubt elevated, intensified, and broadened his style of execution and expression. Though hardly past the age of boyhood, young Neil's fame as a performer extended over the Dunkeld district of country; and among his admirers he could now number many who were regarded as the best players of reels and strathspeys of the period.

A few years after this, a competition among the best players of the country was proposed, in which, though pressed to take a part, Neil at first declined, on the ground that he felt himself no match for the genius and experience that would muster on the occasion; but at last he was induced to enter the lists, feeling that the defeat or discomfiture of so young a player as himself could not well militate against him. The function of judge was exercised by a blind and aged minstrel, whose taste, acquirements, and condition all pointed him out as a fit and proper umpire. The palm of victory was at once awarded to Neil Gow; and, in giving judgment, the aged and skilful minstrel remarked, "That he could distinguish the stroke of *Neil's bow* among a hundred players."

This decision at once placed young Neil at the head of his profession in Perthshire, and his fame speedily spread far and wide over Scotland.

In the year 1745, Neil Gow was about eighteen years of age; and, one of the Athol family (Lord George Murray) having exerted himself in raising troops on purpose to assist Prince Charles-Edward in his ill-fated enterprise, Neil, influenced by his attachment to the house of Athol, the popular enthusiasm of the time, and the martial music of the Highlanders, actually joined the rebels. He accompanied the party so far as Perth; and it was generally believed by his intimate friends at the time, that as the Highlanders passed through Lunenburg, fired by the enthusiasm of the moment, he composed his famous strath-

spey, "The Leas of Luncarty." At Perth, however, Neil had time, with a penetrating and far-seeing sagacity, to examine and weigh well the prospects of the rebels, and having, moreover, no special feeling for embarking in so troublous a sea, he at once quitted the prince's camp, and returned to his quiet home at Inver. To this event Graham refers in the following passage of his "British Georgics," as well as to the fact of his actually having played in the prince's presence:—

"The blithe strathspey springs up, reminding
some
Of nights when Gow's old arm (nor old the
tale),
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went
round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding
roe.

Alas! no more shall we behold that look,
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried—tartan hose and bonnet blue.
No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich;
No more, amid the pauses of the dance,
Shall he repeat those measures that, in days
Of other years, could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy—like autumn sun
Gilding a sear tree with a passing beam;
Or play to sportive children on the green,
Dancing at gloamin' hour; or willing cheer,
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal
day."

In after years, John, fourth duke of Athol, jocularly, on one occasion, twitted Neil with having been a rebel in the '45, when Neil quietly replied, "Ou ay, there were fules there o' your ain blude, as well as puir me"—referring to the fact that the duke's own uncle had raised the party of Athol Highlanders, and accompanied the prince in the character of his aid-de-camp. Neil having abandoned the rebel army before engaging in any overt act of rebellion, no notice was taken of it by the authorities of the period.

Neil Gow now resolved to devote himself entirely to the profession of a musician; and the intimate footing on which he stood with the Athol family, as well as his own genius and acquirements, smoothed and made easy his introduction into the first circles. His brother, Donald Gow, uniformly accompanied him with his violoncello; and Neil has been heard to remark, that he actually owed to Donald's style of execution on his own instrument much of the fire and enthusiasm which

he manifested on the violin. In the absence of Donald, indeed, he said himself that he lost one half of his inspiration, half the hilarity and gaiety of expression, which peculiarly distinguished his style, and, singular to say, the same was the case with Donald himself, in the absence of Neil. Neither of the brothers could play a splo so effectively as they could play in company. Thus the two brothers not only kindled the largest amount of feeling and human sympathy in their audience, but their respective styles of feeling and execution had a most powerful influence on each other. Donald's style and execution were characterized by much tenderness and feeling, while Neil was more remarkable for the buoyancy, hilarity, and joyousness of his expression; and the feeling and manner of each uniformly caught a portion of the characteristics of the other. But it is more than probable that Neil Gow somewhat exaggerated the effects of his brother's performance on him, although it is admitted by all who have heard him, that Donald Gow was a first-class performer on the violoncello.

Neil's residence being in the immediate neighborhood of Dunkeld House, he was frequently called upon by the Duke of Athol and his family to assist at their festivities. Among others, he was there introduced to the then Duchess of Gordon, at that time one of the leaders of fashion in Scotland, and a woman distinguished by her wit and general accomplishments. The duchess, in her enthusiasm, was in the habit of calling Neil by all manner of endearing names, and it is said that Neil was so fascinated by her kindly and winning attentions, that when she was present a glow of enthusiasm was distinguishable in his playing that was not observable on ordinary occasions. We mention this not only as an interesting anecdote of the parties, but as strikingly illustrative of a great general law, that the elevation and intensity of the feelings are the genuine sources of all that is deep and powerful in music, as well as in the rest of the fine arts. The same remark has been made on the style of Neil's playing at Dunkeld House, for here, and here only, he felt himself actually at home, in the midst of a family that was endeared to him by all the ties that a long and kindly intercourse had given rise to, and under their roof his music was characterized by a force, vivacity, and feeling, that he hardly manifested elsewhere.

Thus, Neil Gow's cunning in music lay not in the "strength of his bow-hand," but in the healthful vigor of his genius, united with his honest, strong, and wide expanded sympathies, and, as these varied, the notes elicited from his violin kept pace with them.

Neil Gow's fame had not only spread throughout Scotland, but his name now became as a household word even in the metropolis of England, for all that was lively and exhilarating in music. In Scotland, no great festive party took place without the assistance of Neil Gow. The first question uniformly was, could Neil be procured for love or money? and with the invited guests not, was Lord this or Lady that to be present? but, had Neil Gow been engaged? We, in these times, have some idea of the burning enthusiasm created by the actual presence of Paganini or Jenny Lind, and still more by the overwhelming effects of their performances. They seem to possess the power of welding together ten thousand souls, all differently constituted, into one form of sympathy, thus speaking a language probably given in full perfection to our first parents, and that has only been lost to us, their descendants, through the deadening effects of sin. Neil Gow belonged to this class of personages. He spoke in the same universal language, and with a distinctness and clearness that was equally intelligible to all. There was a significance and meaning in every sweep of his bow, that thrilled through every soul, and made even its companion, the body, quiver with delight. The present writer's father mentioned to him, when a boy, the observations of his own mother (the present writer's grandmother) on the effects of Neil Gow's playing. The lady in question had been educated partly in France and partly in England, and was altogether a person distinguished not only by high culture, but by the force, breadth, and originality of her observations. In Neil's best days, she had attended the balls and assemblies of the county town, where Neil not only directed the music, but formed the chief attraction of the entertainment. She had noted that, before the music commenced, there was always visible a marked stiffness and distance among the parties present—the nobility keeping themselves aloof from the humbler gentry, merely exchanging distant indications of recognition; but Neil had no sooner taken his seat amidst his chosen band, than decided smiles

of acquaintanceship lighted up all faces, and the commencement of his music at once melted all parties into one band of sympathy. The proud duchess and her daughters now became partners of the humbler gentry, and persons between whom a grudge or dryness had previously subsisted, now rushed together to renew their friendship. In the haughty features of pride were now to be recognized only the kind expression of sympathy and affection, and one uniform tenor of feeling and expression pervaded the assembly. The same party added, that on several occasions she had known of feuds and violent disagreements among the higher gentry having been compromised and arranged towards the end of these assemblies.

On one occasion, a severe illness prevented Neil from attending an assembly given by the Caledonian Hunt at Cupar; and, although every exertion was made to supply his place, by procuring the best players in Scotland (and at that period there were not a few), yet without Neil the assembly went off heavily. The dancers passed through their mystic evolutions slowly and carelessly, their spirits and bodies not being braced by Neil's exhilarating music. In the middle of the entertainment, the preses, after making some observations on the indisposition of their favorite and lamenting his absence, called on every lady and gentleman present to "dedicate a bumper to the better health of Neil Gow, a true Scottish character, whose absence from the meeting no one could sufficiently regret." Such was the intense enthusiasm with which the toast was responded to that some of the ladies actually shed tears.

The genius and acknowledged powers of Neil Gow had long placed him on a footing of easy intimacy with almost all the nobility and gentry of Scotland. He was not regarded by them as the mere minister to their occasional pleasures, but rather as a minstrel of the old school, who could sway and direct their sympathies as he listed. They themselves appeared to feel that there were many dukes, earls, and barons in Scotland, but that there was only one Neil Gow, and all of them seemed alive to the importance of his friendship. A few of the noblemen and gentlemen who had cultivated his special regard, were in the habit of practising all manner of innocent jokes upon him, but well knowing, however, that his penetrative humor and deep common

sense could at any time gain for him an easy victory. Mr. Murray of Abercainey (a great friend of Neil's) had lent him five pounds on one occasion when he happened to be out of money, to assist in paying his band, on the tacit understanding that it was to be repaid in music. At a party at Dunkeld House, some time afterwards, Abercainey laid a wager with the duke that he could affront Neil, and put him to the blush. The duke, being confident in Neil's presence of mind, took up the wager. In the course of the evening, Abercainey demanded of Neil aloud, in presence of the whole company, his reason for not repaying the five pounds he had borrowed. Neil replied, "Deed, Abercainey, if you had hain sense to have held your ain tongue, I would have been the last man to have spoken about it," and, by this quaint, jocular reply, raised so loud a laugh against Abercainey, that he was glad to pay his wager to be done with the matter. We may notice another characteristic anecdote. Dr. Minto, physician to the Duke of Athol, attended Neil during a severe illness, and, after examining his person on the occasion of a visit, he remarked to Neil that he was afraid there was water about him, when Neil quietly replied, "That that could not weel be, for he had hardly tasted water for many years;" and, looking archly into the doctor's face, inquired if he had not mistaken whiskey for water. The late Mr. Graham of Orchill spent whole nights with Neil, playing reels and strathspeys; and, although himself a first-rate player, he acknowledged that he experienced the kindling influence of Neil's intensity of feeling and superior execution. Neil, moreover, attended the weddings and merrymakings of persons of his own condition, as well as the assemblies of the great and noble of the land, and his friendship was courted equally by the prince and the peasant. When Neil, for example, sat for his portrait to Raeburn, the Duke of Athol accompanied him, and, on leaving the artist, the duke walked with Neil through Edinburgh arm-in-arm—a practical acknowledgment that genius, the origin of all true nobility, is entitled to rank with the noble and the virtuous of its own time.

About the beginning of September, 1787, there is the following jotting made by Robert Burns of his interview at Dunkeld with Neil Gow, then about sixty years of age: "Breakfast with Dr. Stewart; Neil Gow plays—a

short, stout-built, honest, Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest, social brow; an interesting face, marking strong sense; kind, open-heartedness, mixed with untrusting simplicity; visit his house—'Margaret Gow.' Who does not lament that this imperfect sketch had not been filled up? Burns recognizes the whole mystery of his music even in the physiognomy of Neil's figure and features. Thus the genius of Scottish poetry and Scottish music met for a brief hour, and parted forever, as if they had no more connection than what subsists between the most commonplace mortals. We have recently seen an admirable picture, by Mr. Stewart Watson of Edinburgh, representing the scene of Burns and his travelling companion Nicol taking a parting glass with Neil at his cottage-door at Inver, or, in the language of the Scottish Highlands, going through the ceremony of "Doch-an-Dhoris."

Neil Gow was twice married. By his first wife, Margaret Wiseman, he had five sons and three daughters. Of these, three sons and two daughters pre-deceased him, but not before two of his sons, William and Andrew, attained to an eminence as violin players, worthy of the name they bore—the former in Edinburgh, and the latter in London. As in all the other relations of life, Neil Gow evinced a tenderness and warmth of affection in the domestic and family circle peculiarly characteristic of genius.

A characteristic letter of a humorous sort was written by Neil, addressed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Breadalbane, Park Lane, London, introducing to his notice his son John. It is in the following terms: "My dear lord.—This letter will be handed you by my son Jock. He is tired of the kail and brose of Inver, and deil kens what he would be at; but doubtless your lordship will guess. —I have the honor to remain your lordship's loving friend and countryman, Neil Gow." At the time John Gow called at Park Lane, his lordship was presiding at the annual dinner of the Caledonian Society, whither John went with his father's letter. His lordship rose, and mentioned the fact of his having just received an epistle from his friend and countryman, Neil Gow, which he begged to read. He accordingly read it amidst enthusiastic bursts of applause and laughter, and John Gow was instantly appointed leader of the band of the Caledonian Society.

Neil Gow took as his second wife Margaret Urquhart, by whom he had no family, and who pre-deceased him a few years. He retained his mental faculties to the last, and was in the habit of playing on his violin till within a year or two of his death. Neil died at his cottage at Inver, where he was born, on the 1st of March, 1807, in the 80th year of his age.

The late Dr. McKnight, who procured his information from Principal Baird, long in the Athol family as tutor of the Marquis of Tulliebardine, the duke's eldest son, sums up an account of him in the *Scots Magazine*: "His moral and religious principles were originally correct, rational, and heartfelt, and they were never corrupted." His duty in the domestic relations of life he uniformly fulfilled with exemplary fidelity, generosity, and kindness. He retained to the last the same plain and unassuming simplicity in his carriage, his dress, and his manners, which he had observed in his early and more obscure years. His figure was vigorous and manly, and the expression of his countenance spirited and intelligent. His whole appearance, indeed, exhibited so characteristic a model of what national partiality conceives a Scottish Highlander to be, that his portrait has been repeatedly copied. Four admirable likenesses of him were painted a few years ago for the Duke of Athol, Lord Gray, the Hon. William Maule, M. P. (now Lord Panmure), and for the County Hall, Perth, by Sir Henry Raeburn; and he has been introduced into the view of a Highland wedding by the late ingenious Mr. Allen, by whom he was requested to sit for the purpose."

Such is the meagre account we can now give of Neil Gow; but, like other men of genius, his life, in so far as it is valuable to mankind, has been preserved in his music, the range of intelligence in which he excelled all contemporaneous Scotsmen. Like his person and the character he maintained in society, his music is more distinguished by vigor and depth of feeling than by expansiveness or largeness of thought. Like the old Scottish ballad, his musical compositions are peculiarly marked by a raciness and force of expression strikingly characteristic of early Scottish manners, and by a joyousness and buoyancy of feeling not to be found in modern music. Like the early lyrics of his country, the airs composed by Neil Gow are descriptive of a

form of feeling and a state of manners that for half a century have been fast giving place to a larger and more universal species of sympathy. They delineate strikingly the peculiar feelings of individuals under the operation of particular events or circumstances, rather than indicate the universal sympathies of mankind. Accordingly, though intensely vigorous and deeply characteristic, Neil Gow's music is deficient in breadth. It is pointedly descriptive of individual characteristics peculiar to the Scottish people, not of the universal tendencies that belong to the race. Hence it is more spirit-stirring and enlivening than deeply or broadly suggestive. It kindles the feelings, imparting a healthy tone to them for the time being, but it fails to impress deeply either the imagination or the reason. It presents to the mind, indeed, a picture rather than a thought. There is a large assortment of tunes published under Neil Gow's name; but it is more than probable that many of them were merely collected by Neil, and somewhat improved or modernized by him. That Neil, indeed, performed the same service for Scottish music that Robert Burns did for many of our old Scottish songs, is well known to all his admirers; but what portion of them is new and what old, it is now impossible to determine. That a large proportion of the airs attributed to him were actually his own composition, is as certain as that the songs of Burns were his—that the best of them, indeed, were no mere adaptations of old airs to new events and circumstances, but actually original compositions by himself. The greater portion of them are of a lively character, admirably suited for dancing, such as reels, strathspeys, and quick-steps. Some of his pathetic airs are distinguished by a depth and genuineness of feeling that has not been surpassed. "Lock Erroch-side," to which Burns wrote his deeply pathetic song, "Oh, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay;" his "Lament for Abercainey," and his "Farewell to Whiskey," belong to this class.

But the character of music, like the manners and associations to which it refers, is rapidly giving way before compositions that embody a larger and broader form of sentiment. The rude and boisterous merrymakings of our ancestors, their rapid and grotesque evolutions of the body in dancing, and, altogether, their decided predilection for animal and bodily excitement, necessarily gave

birth to their hilarious and joy-inspiring music. Their airs represented, indeed, their manners and customs for the time being as faithfully as possible; but these, with the poetry which commemorated them, are now being superseded by a species of poetry and music more assimilated to the feelings and habits of modern society. Instead of describing external manners, the modern poet aims at a delineation of the secret workings of the spirit. He is not satisfied with depicting the mere outward action, however praiseworthy or beautiful, but he must unfold and lay bare the secret motives from which it springs—he must describe the most hidden workings of the human heart, otherwise his poetry has no relation to modern thought—it is no better than a feeble echo of the voice of the past. Who now cares for the works of Ramsay or Fergusson? They are at best but descriptive of the outward habits and peculiarities of the Scottish people of the last century; they are now only curious antiquarian documents. The poetry of to-day must be as penetrating and brimful of thought and sentiment as that of Burns—nay, it must be absolutely more ideal, more thoroughly purified from the dross of human feeling, otherwise it fails to captivate the modern imagination. How profoundly subtle and touching are the finer pieces of Coleridge! How exquisitely beautiful and refined are the shorter tales of Wordsworth! The latter appears, indeed, to be endowed with a more truly philosophic spirit than any other poet of his time. He opens up avenues of beauty and loveliness in the most haggard and wretched of human bosoms.

The rapid change indeed in the sentiments and opinions of the Scottish people in literature and philosophy has deeply affected their musical tastes. They greedily treasure up the airs of Gow and his predecessors as matter of history, but they must now have music to body forth their own feelings in the present. The musical compositions which they are to relish must be as penetrating and far-reaching as their poetry, otherwise they are out of tune with their thoughts—quite out of harmony with their feelings. Hence the relish of modern Scottish society for the music of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, and other great masters, is no mere matter of fashion, but actually an imperative demand, bursting out of the spirit and thought of the age. It is a simple but sincere protest that the old Scottish music does not express the broad, universal, and deep-lying sympathies which are unfolded in modern English poetry, and in preference that they will accept of music which expresses these, whithersoever it comes. Scotland, however, has reason to be proud of her native airs. They are strikingly characteristic of the vigor, intensity, and homely pathos of the Scottish nation, and will long be preserved as markedly symbolical of early Scottish manners; and while the musical compositions of the great masters are better fitted for an advanced state of civilization, and assisting, as they do, largely, in elevating our human sympathies, the other are better adapted for strengthening our patriotism and invigorating our homely and domestic affections.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANTIQUE STATUE.—The Rome correspondent of the *London Times*, in a letter dated April 16, gives the following intelligence:—

“The interest of the artistic portion of the community in politics has this week been suspended by the discovery of a remarkably beautiful statue of Venus, in Parian marble. Possessing very high merit, it is pronounced by some connoisseurs to be as fine as the Venus de Medici. Eminent sculptors, while more moderate in their praise, still speak of it as being very beautiful, as being very probably a copy of the Florentine Venus, and as being of Greek art. It will settle a very disputed point, and lead probably to the

correction of a great error in the repairs made by Bernini in the Venus de Medici. It will be remembered that Bernini has so adjusted her arms that, while bent over the bosom and the lower part of the body, they do not touch it any part. In the new statue the marks of the fingers on the right thigh and on the left bosom are plainly visible. The head, too, I should say, is somewhat larger than that of the Venus de Medici. The head has been broken off, as also the two arms, but the only parts missing are the left hand and wrist and the fingers of the right hand, all of which may be easily supplied, as enough exists to show the perfect pose of every limb of the body. Undoubtedly it is a great find, and crowds are rushing down to see it.”

From Household Words.

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

IN TEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A DROWSY afternoon: one of those August afternoons when the sun seems to glow rather than shine, and the trees are quite motionless in the golden languor. Only now and then, there was a timid flutter amongst the leaves, as if the faint air stirred them in their sleep; prompting them to wake up, until they were lulled into dreamland again by the whispering of flowers and low hum of bees.

The great doors stood wide open, and the warm, fragrant summer came in—a warm summer it had need to be to chase the damp and mildew out of that long-disused room, which had been recently turned into a School of Design. Once upon a time, it had formed a part of the monastic establishment belonging to the Abbey Church across the field; but, since that date, it had undergone various fluctuations of fortune; emerging from each experience a little hoarier, a little more dilapidated, and a great deal more useless. Yet there was still a world of poetical suggestion about it, for those who could look beyond the dust of to-day.

It had been the monkish dining-hall, and had, no doubt, seen a vast amount of pious good living amongst the old Benedictines who possessed it in its prime. The little gallery from which on high festivals, the grace was wont to be chanted, now contained a miscellaneous collection of detached plasterlimbs, fragments of sculpture, and spare easels; a pale skeleton, grinned a moral sarcasm on all past times over the balustrade, while casts from the most famous antiques occupied the raised dais where, perhaps, the noble abbot and his favored guests had formerly been as merry as they were wise—often, even, if tradition did not wrong them, a great deal merrier.

Not all the glories, however, had passed away; for the magnificent avenues, grand as cathedral aisles, with their choirs of singing birds whose forbears had made melody to saintly ears, stretched still over the fields; wildernesses of greenery, quiet haunts of shadow, sweet-musing places for sunny days and moonlit nights, that were almost enough to tempt civilization back to gypsy life. Mary Unwin thought it would be pleasant to carry her easel out under the lime-trees, and to

sketch the old Abbey Church, instead of making that laborious copy of an unmeaning ornament indoors; but she only thought it. Mary was working for a purpose which sketching picturesque vignettes would not advance; so she went on, laying her flat tints mechanically; only refreshing her eyes sometimes with an upward glance at the silent green boughs that leaned against the window and made a cool shadow upon the floor.

Old Wisp was standing beside her, pointing a crayon and talking about what we were going to do for the advancement of art; we being the committee of the school, Tom Unwin the master, and old Wisp himself. Mary was old Wisp's favorite pupil, partly because she was kind spoken; but chiefly because she was clever, industrious, and a credit to us, which many of the pupils were not. Look at Miss Ashby who had not conquered the straight line yet; or at little Miss Craggs who had been shading draftboards for practice, but without improvement, ever since she joined the class six months ago. Look at the Willet girls who only came to pass their idle time, or at the two respectable Miss Potters, whose strength (or feebleness) lay in still life—very still life. They were painting bloomless peaches, acrid cherries, and sapless autumn leaves, from staring lithographic examples. They had toiled at these subjects with unsatisfactory results for many years; never getting any nearer to the interpretation of nature than they were at the beginning. Their models might have been the wooden fruit that develops into tea-services, spring-jacks, and other Dutch eccentricities, dear to the youthful heart, for any similitude the imitations bore to the luscious realities. Old Wisp said that they were enough to put us out of heart.

There was not a very full attendance on the class that afternoon, and Tom Unwin stayed at the lower end of the room where the beginners were, wrinkling his brows, as his custom was, and watching the doorway for dilatory arrivals. He was a little wiry man, with a countenance resembling in expression that of a much-enduring terrier that lives under a hard master. Tom Unwin *had* lived under a hard master ever since he was born—that hardest of hard masters, Ill Success. Instead of being a prosperous artist, known to fame and familiar with the chink of gold pieces, he was only superintendent of a provincial

government school of design, with a limited salary and no prospects. The poor fellow had given up hoping ambitiously for himself at last, and was looking forward to his son's future, measuring his strength with far more accuracy than self-love had ever suffered him to measure his own. Valentine, he promised himself, would be a great man some day.

In the mean time Valentine was a patient, drudging boy, who spent whole days in the school drawing from plaster casts, and dreaming, who shall say what splendid dreams of the days to come? He was now engaged on a Hercules with a vast development of muscle, in the immediate vicinity of a mild-eyed Quakeress who was copying a landscape in water-colors. Valentine liked the companionship of Rachel Myers because she was fair, pretty, and gentle, but the glory of the lad's fancy, and the star of his premature worship, was a young lady with whom he had never yet exchanged a word. Most of the pupils who attended the class were engaged in some task-work by which they earned a livelihood; but Miss Rosamund Wilton was a lady of quality, who drew only for amusement; yet still drew better than anybody there, except his sister Mary.

She came in when the lesson was nearly half over, and, acknowledging Tom Unwin with a grave little bow, went straight to her place in the upper-class, where old Wisp always placed her easel near Mary Unwin's.

She was a bright beauty. Valentine Unwin, who read so much sentimental poetry at home, had made a pretty sonnet upon her; in which the sun, under the figure of a lover, was represented as warning the chaste snows of her fair neck, ripening the rosy peach of her complexion, caressing the wavy braids of her hair, and leaving love tokens of dead-gold entangled amongst them. After she came, the powerful Hercules did not make much progress. Valentine could see the soft, sweeping folds of her dress beyond his easel, and continued to dwell upon their graceful undulations until he was startled out of his reverie by a slight flick on the side of his head, and his father's voice grumbling in his ear:—

"Is that the way you make studies for future draperies, sir? No idling. Work hard!"

Valentine of sixteen dropped down from cloudland blushing furiously, and applied him-

self with instant diligence to Hercules' knotty arm.

Rosamund Wilton was painting a group of flowers from nature, and painting them very well, although Tom Unwin found fault with their arrangement, and demonstrated how their colors would have harmonized and contrasted better, in other positions.

Miss Cragge, who always kept one ear open whenever she spoke, heard her ask the master if he had seen a certain picture which was then exhibiting in the town; and, when he said he had not, she also heard her advise him to lose no time in going, as it was well worth a visit. From that they passed to painting and art in general. Rosamund was no connoisseur, but she spoke intelligently of what she had seen and what she had learned from books; she accepted information and the results of other people's mature judgment confidently, and was, as Tom Unwin said, always a sensible and pleasant girl to talk to. She had a simple, natural manner, which was exceedingly captivating, and there was neither conceit nor affectation about her.

From her position, Mary Unwin could not help hearing the conversation of her father with Miss Wilton, though its subject was uninteresting. Majolica, Palissy-ware, and old dragon china which they were discussing, had no peculiar charm for her; but at length they diverged to the Spanish school of painters, and their world-renowned labors.

"I have never seen any Murillo except my own, but it is very fine," said Miss Wilton; "my father bought it when the Alburton Gallery was dispersed, and always regarded it as the gem of his own collection."

"You possess an authentic Murillo? And the subject?" asked the master, eagerly.

"It is a child St. John. I shall be very glad to show it to you, if you will call upon me." Mary Unwin looked up hastily, and Miss Wilton caught her eye: "And will you come too?" she added, addressing her.

"I was thinking of Valentine; it might do him good to see it," replied Mary, nervously. Valentine hearing his own name peeped past his easel.

"Valentine shall even copy it, if he likes," said Miss Wilton, with a glance at her young adorer; who, feigning not to observe her, immediately eclipsed his crimson face behind his drawing-board. Mary, for the first time since Miss Wilton had known her, appeared pleased.

Valentine, and Valentine's happiness were all her thought.

"He shall thank you for himself," said Tom Unwin, smoothing his corrugated brows.

"Valentine come here!" But Valentine was profoundly absorbed in Hercules' elbow. Mary interpreted his shyness, and covered it by saying, "He will have to be content with looking at it now: copying it will be a work for some future day;" and her father acquiesced.

Old Wisp had been listening and fidgetting from one foot to the other with anxiety. Might *he*—humble disciple of art, its servitor, washer of palletes, collector of mahl-sticks, and general scrub—hope for a glimpse of this grand picture? As the master went towards the lower end of the room, he edged himself up to Miss Wilton, on pretence of filling her painting-glass with water, and said, "It'll be the making of Valentine Unwin, to get a sight of the fine pictures at your house, ma'am; I remember some of 'em."

Rosamund smiled. "He is a young genius—then—the master's son?" she said. "I shall be proud to see him enjoy my paintings, if it will be of such advantage to him."

"It will be an advantage, indeed, ma'am. If I'd had such an advantage at his age, I would be in a superior position now. But I was not encouraged;" and Old Wisp blushed to the roots of his shaggy hair, as he made this pathetic allusion to former disappointment. He and his wife kept a little oil and colour shop in the town; and it was said that he wasted all the small profits of the business in trying to paint, when not engaged at the school. Rosamund penetrated Old Wisp's anxiety for himself in his allusions to Valentine, and kindly said that he was welcome to a view of her pictures whenever he liked.

"I would not be churlish of my precious gifts," she added, with feminine diffidence and hesitation; "and if there are any other students who are going to follow Art, who would like to come and see them, I shall be very glad."

Old Wisp was on the tip-toe of exultation. Miss Wilton, he told Valentine, was a true lady; and Valentine said in his heart she was a divinity—he had not come to the ripe age when a lover is content that his beloved should be merely a woman.

When the church clock struck four, Rosamund laid down her brush, and spoke to

Mary Unwin. "I am going home; can you and Valentine come with me now?" She put on her bonnet and shawl. Mary blushed and accepted the invitation, while her brother behind his easel was struggling to get his jacket-cuffs down over his big wrists, and to clear his clothes of the powdering of white chalk, with which he had been putting the high lights on Hercules. Rosamund stood by the open door, waiting until they were ready, and Tom Unwin came up to her there, saying that he should not be at liberty that day; but, if agreeable, he would come and see the Murillo on the morrow. "And I will bring Valentine with me if you please," he added.

"Valentine is going with me and his sister now," replied Rosamund; and, in effect, at that moment the lad and Mary drew near. It would not have been easy to say which looked the more shy or the more uncomfortably gratified. Rosamund might have been an ogress luring them to her den, instead of a merely pretty girl about to do them a kindness. Tom Unwin could not forbear a grim wrinkling of his brow as he thought to himself: "Poor things, they don't understand being treated with respect, and are not used to gentlefolks;" but Old Wisp rubbed his hands with stealthy glee, and said, under his breath: "See if she isn't proud, one of those fine days, that she was the first to open his eyes to glorious Art!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

VALENTINE kept a few paces in the rear, but Mary walked along beside Miss Wilton, struggling internally with that painful diffidence which always paralyzed her before a stranger, and made her tongue-tied and stupid. The sun had lost somewhat of its power; but the dense shade of the avenue of lime-trees was still most grateful, and they kept under it; until, turning to the right and opening a private door in the ancient stone-wall which was a continuation of that bounding the field in front of the school, Rosamund admitted them at once into the Abbey gardens. What a cool, luxurious wilderness of shrubbery! There were green alleys with soft turf under foot, and noble trees arching overhead; there were cedars whose branches swept down upon the grass; glossy, pungent-leaved walnut-trees; lance-

like silver birches, black yews, and rich purple beeches, planted so that their various foliage contrasted and harmonized as only Nature's productions ever will harmonize.

"It is a very beautiful place!" said Mary Unwin, looking round with an indefinable sensation of pleasure.

"Yes; and it seems strange to be so secluded; when, in five minutes, we can plunge into the most bustling suburb of Burnham. I like it thus; there is the river it looks like a land-locked lake at the end of that glade."

The way they were approaching the house, though not the shortest, was by far the most pleasant. It made several turns and winds to take in glimpses of the river scenery, which came like surprises upon strangers to the place. Mary loved all that was beautiful in nature, especially all that was tranquilly beautiful. She thought Rosamund Wilton must be very happy to live in such a beautiful place, and a remark to that effect escaped her.

"Yes, I am happy, but it is not because of this," replied Rosamund; "I am happy, because I have nothing to make me otherwise; yet I have not all I want. You would not exchange your Valentine for a fine house and a pretty old garden."

"Oh, no!" and Mary looked round at her young brother, with an expression that made her almost handsome.

Valentine now made an effort to talk, and began by asking the name of a fine flowering shrub, which Rosamund could not tell him. She said her memory was not good for the long Latin names her gardener used; and, by-and-by they emerged from the shrubbery upon a terrace in front of the house, below which was a broad, sloping lawn; and, beyond that, the river. Mary sighed as the whole beauty of the scene burst upon her at once, and Rosamund asked if she were tired. "No. One might bid the cares of the world defiance here," she said, more freely, and her dull face brightened into enthusiasm.

"Listen!" exclaimed Rosamund, raising her hand. The air was hushed about them; but from the distance there was a dull, surging sound—thousands of tramping feet, toiling hands, fretting brains; thousands of household fires; thousands of souls beginning their day of life; thousands nearing its uncertain close.

"We cannot rid ourselves of these echoes; and I, for one, should miss them if we could," said Rosamund. "I like to be in the midst of my kind, and would fain have troops of friends; but come—we are forgetting Murillo."

She ran up the steps and opened a glass door into the hall, where a quantity of plants, covered with bloom and ranged on a lofty pyramidal stand, made a miniature conservatory and a delicious perfume.

"You shall see the picture first, and then I must introduce you to my Aunt Carry," Rosamund said, as she guided them rapidly through two rooms into a long gallery, lighted from the roof and covered on all sides with paintings of various degrees of beauty. She stopped suddenly, and pointed. "There it is." The Murillo, the gem of the collection, and a picture that a king might glory to possess. None of the three valued themselves on connoisseurship, but they knew how to admire. Valentine did not once think of his divinity while he was looking at it; but, when he turned his eyes from the child-saint of the great painter to her beautiful face, he discovered that they had both the same warm, sun-ripened complexions, and the same dark hair rippled with golden lights.

"Here are two Claudes, Valentine: do you like landscapes? These look blue and cold to me, after coming out of the sunshine," said Rosamund; "and I even prefer this Gainsborough. I suppose my national preference is heretical; but I have not an orthodox taste, and cannot admire by rule. There are two or three pictures here I dislike—so stiff and wooden; and, as for the Dutch Boors and Frows with vegetables, I should like to exile them to the kitchen."

Valentine was very quiet. He went slowly from picture to picture, drinking in draughts of beauty avidly. His thin face was pale with eagerness and excitement—not altogether a pleasant excitement. He was thinking, what call had he to put brush to canvas, with all these grand old rivals in the field? He had a dismal feeling as if inspiration would fail him, and he should never do any thing worthy. Rosamund mistook his silence for apathy. She thought to witness a burst of enthusiasm; whereas there lay two checks on Valentine—her presence, and his incapacity to express his admiration in sufficing words.

He had also the rare merit of keeping silence, rather than utter foolish, unmeaning rhapsodies.

Rosamund seated herself on one of the crimson damask ottomans with which the gallery was furnished; and, loosening the strings of her bonnet, waited until her two companions had made their round of the paintings. Valentine returned again and again to the Murillo. "Do you think you shall ever equal that?" she asked kindly. The lad flushed and shook his head, while his sister Mary looked at him with such devoted affection!

"Valentine shall not be a copyist, except of nature," she said; "he must not look on dead men as rivals."

When the two Unwins at length made a move to go, Rosamund said they must first be introduced to Aunt Carry. Mary would gladly have evaded this further ordeal, but Rosamund said, "Oh, pray come, Aunt Carry likes to know my friends." Mary tried to mention something about its being a pity to intrude on Aunt Carry, but Rosamund did not hear; so there was nothing left for her and Valentine, but to follow whither she led. Opening a door near the flower-stand, she cried, "Oh, here she is! Aunt Carry, I have brought two of my fellow-students at the school of design to make your acquaintance."

An elderly lady who was sitting at a piece of tapestry-work in the bay-window, came forward rustling in rich silk, and gave them a gracious reception.

"You are going to be a painter? that is a glorious vocation!" the old lady observed. "I should like you to take a portrait of Rosamund for me."

Valentine reddened and glanced at the bewildering beauty who leaned laughing over Aunt Carry's chair.

"He has not begun to practise yet," she said, "he is only a boy—I am not sure that I shall let him try his 'prentice hand on me. How old are you, Valentine?"

Mary answered for him, "He was sixteen last May."

That "only a boy," sounded cruelly mortifying to poor Valentine, and made him feel more shy and awkward than ever. Aunt Carry supplied the most of the conversation by introducing Mary to her tapestry work—a gaudy Arab on a white horse, dancing on its hind legs—and asking her if she were fond of that employment.

Rosamund sauntered about the room, now stopping a moment to chirrup to her singing birds in a large gilt cage, and then to gather a few sprigs of myrtle and geranium. These flowers made sunshine in the Unwins' dull little parlor for a week after.

Suddenly, there was heard the rattle of wheels, and Aunt Carry exclaimed: "My dear love, who can this be?" A carriage rolled past the windows, and a gentleman inside let down one of the glasses, and looked out.

"Rosamund, it is Sir Everard himself!"

The girl turned quickly round, and exclaimed in an accent so joyous, that Valentine cringed and turned cold:—

"It cannot be! you are dreaming—yes, that is surely his voice!"

The stranger was heard speaking outside; then the bell rang, Rosamund changed color.

"What must I do, Aunt Carry?" she asked, moving toward the door and listening.

"I am sure, my dear, I do not know. Perhaps you had better go and meet him," replied the old lady, nervously.

Without any further hesitation, Rosamund left the room, and did not return. Mary then signed to Valentine that they had better go.

"I will not press you to remain now," said Aunt Carry, "for my dear will be sure to stay with Sir Everard Maxwell; but you must visit us again soon. Sir Everard's arrival is a surprise. We did not look for him until next month. Good-morning."

The Unwins were passing out at the drawing-room door as Sir Everard entered the hall. He was a fine-looking gentleman, middle-aged, a good deal browned by exposure to sun and weather, and with a rather stiff military carriage. One sleeve of his surcoat was pinned empty across his breast, for he had lost an arm.

Mary Unwin, who had a strong spice of romance in her faded head, thought he would be the Othello to the fair Desdemona of the Abbey, and win her heart by stories of valiant deeds and hair-breadth dangers. But Rosamund Wilton had been won four years ago, and Sir Everard Maxwell had come home to England to marry her—that was the fact of the case. When he went away Rosamund was only seventeen, and her father, who was then living, had declined giving his consent to her marrying so early, on the plea

that girls of that age cannot know their own minds; but he promised that if both continued of the same mind until Rosamund was of age, he would no longer withhold his permission.

Sir Everard went out to the East, fought his way high up in the service, and was invalided home not long after Rosamund's father was seized with his last fatal illness and died. So there were some tears to chasten the joy of their re-union.

"Who can that gentleman be, Mary?" Valentine Unwin said to his sister as they walked away under the arborous shade of the trees.

"Somebody whom Miss Wilton was very glad to see," was her reply.

Valentine began to whistle, and broke off suddenly after half a stave to say: "He looks like an uncle, or something of that kind, don't you think so, Mary?"

"He may be twenty or even twenty-five years older than she is; but I don't think he looks like an uncle, Val."

"Then what do you think he is?" father sharply.

"A lover, Valentine—I am sure of it."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE Unwins lived in one of those contracted domiciles, long lines and terraces of which now radiate from the nucleus of every town in England. Three feet deep of parched and dusty garden divided the parlor from the road; there was a kitchen behind, and three chambers over. The smallest of these was Valentine's bedroom and studio in one; there he ground colors, smeared canvas or a plank of wainscot; there he dreamed dreams and saw visions and sonnetized on Rosamund Wilton's beauty.

In all Burnham there breathed not a happier soul than this pale, lanky boy, with his wrists out of his jacket and his trousers creeping ambitiously higher and higher until they got above his boot-tops. To be poor, so long as one is not absolutely hungry, seems to have no more effect on some people than rain has on a duck's back. A dukedom would not have bribed Valentine Unwin away from his pencil and his fancies; after seeing the beautiful Abbey and the glorious Murillo, he went and shut himself up in his closet of a room, and was happier, I dare say, in the kingdom of his own mind than any crowned and anointed monarch.

Mary got the tea ready—they had no servant, only a charwoman once a week to clean the house—and when her father came in from the school, fagged and rather cross, as it is permitted to disappointed men to be, she called to her brother to come down; but Valentine replied that he was busy just then, and could not; so the father and daughter took their evening meal together, and then Mary carried a cup of tea and a plate of thick bread and butter up stairs, and stood over the pride of her heart until he chose to partake of them.

Mary Unwin also was happy in her way; she was living for a purpose and with an object in view. Her love for Valentine was an enthusiasm, an absolute negation of self for his sake. Ah! many and many a time in later days, when the battle of life was at the hottest, did her hand, faithful and tender, wipe the dews of pain and weariness from his face, and her heart, steadfast and courageous, support and urge him on until the victory was worthily won. She was now laboring diligently in every interval of her home duties, to perfect herself in the art of drawing upon stone; for the brother and sister had a plan of living together in London, and she intended to make her lithography available for their mutual support during the years of preparatory study, which must be passed through before he could be expected to achieve any success in painting; so she also was happy in a vision that the future was to reveal. Nothing pleased her better now than being able to lock up the house as she had done that afternoon, and go off to the school with Valentine and her father; but that was not always practicable, so she had a stone at home, and was always at work upon it when any one else might have supposed that she would desire a rest.

As she stood behind her brother, holding the cup and plate until it should please him to take it, her plain face was instinct with goodness and devotion. Valentine accepted all her assiduousness, not ungratefully and not even thoughtlessly, but quite as a matter of course—much as children receive their mother's love, without seeming to think that any particular return is needed. She was ten years his elder, and the care of him had devolved upon her ever since he was born—for his mother died in bringing him into the world.

"O Mary, are you there—is that my tea?" he asked, absently, continuing to sketch at an indistinct outline on a fresh sheet of paper. Mary said, "Yes," and stood patiently out of sight behind him, watching his hand. His strokes seemed to her weak and unskilled as yet; but there was the freedom that promised by-and-by to render with truth and energy the beautiful conceptions of a poet mind. Indifferent persons might have discerned nothing in Valentine Unwin's face if they had looked at it for a week, or they might have said, that he was only a plain and awkward boy; but Mary's loving eyes saw genius in the pale lineaments, and the fire of enthusiasm which is its breath of life, kindling in his gray, deep-set eyes.

The walls of his room and hers were covered with continually changing efforts of his power; for besides the divine gift of genius, he had the homely qualities of industry and perseverance, and that virtue of patience which can behold in the germ of to-day the glorious flower it will mature into, and can wait and watch for its expanding. What the dews and the suns of spring are to the swelling buds, Mary's never-failing love was to him in his upward way. Rosamund Wilton in her gay luxurious home, with her newly returned lover by her side, was not more blessed than Valentine in that narrow room, munching thick bread and butter before his easel, with Mary watching him.

"What a face hers is! How Murillo would have painted her!" said the lad, with a sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and contemplated what even Mary felt to be a very abortive sketch of her features. There was no need to mention the magic name. Whenever Valentine spoke of her, Mary knew he meant Rosamund Wilton. "She had the glorious complexion of the painting, and dark blue eyes, not a common union, but the perfection of beauty. I say, Mary, what a divine Magdalen she would make, with all that singular hair loose! I should like to have the chance of taking her portrait."

Poor, infatuated Valentine! that face was to be the inspiration of every beautiful thought he ever drew; that face the key-note by which he struck the chords of fame! Mary was not jealous that he should give twenty thoughts to Rosamund, for one he gave to her; she had a practical as well as an instinctive knowledge that mothers and sisters never,

or very rarely, are to brothers and sons, what brothers and sons are to them.

"And you thought that strange gentleman was a lover; what made you think so, Mary? You women are very sharp," Valentine said presently, neglecting his tea, and returning to his sketch. "He is ever so much older than she is, and has lost an arm besides."

"What does that matter? Do you think I should like you any the less if you lost both arms? Come Val, drink this and eat some more bread. Are you going to the school with my father to-night?"

"Yes. Did you ever notice the beautiful line from her ear to her shoulder? I wonder whether I can draw it."

Valentine spent a few minutes trying to accomplish the impossible, then cast down his pencil, and applied himself in earnest to his meal. The lad showed a wholesome appetite and keen according to his time of life, which testified that he was taking his first attack of heart-disease very favorably. Mary quite enjoyed seeing him eat so vigorously, and smiled—her smile was very improving to her face, it was like sunshine to a level, uninteresting landscape.

"What is the matter? What is pleasing you so much?" Valentine asked, regarding her cheerfully.

"I don't think you will pine for love, Val," was the reply. "You like to look at Miss Wilton; but you don't sicken and refuse your food when a successful worshipper appears on the scene. You do not rail at Sir Everard or long to extinguish him, like a lover in a book."

"I could never marry her, Mary; now could I?" said the lad, with a solemnity that would have been nothing short of ludicrous to anybody but her. "But what an angel-face she has! Since I have been accustomed to see her, I have grown in mental stature; a perfectly beautiful woman is a grand revelation. There, Mary, I won't talk any more nonsense! I hope she will be very happy; but, as I live, she is my first love and will be my last!"

Valentine drank off the remainder of his tea with an air, and returned the cup to his sister, who then went down stairs. But, being left alone, the lad's mood changed. He leaned down, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, thinking gloomily. A queer medley of feelings run

riot in most very young hearts; but Valentine's was a good heart—generous, honest, almost religious. Rosamund Wilton had been to him as much an ideal as his beautiful art; and he could still adore her afar off, though the stranger might appropriate her to himself as his wife. Still he could think of her as the chiefest amongst women, as the rose is amongst flowers. Yet, when his father summoned him at seven o'clock to accompany him to the school, and he passed Mary in the door-way of the parlor, she thought his eyes looked red and burning, as if they had paid a libation of tears to some secret pain. Sometimes we will be very heroic, and try to cheat ourselves into the belief that we are not so very much disappointed after all, by the loss that is cutting our hearts in twain. Perhaps Valentine had been striving to deal thus untruly with himself.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ROSAMUND was innocent as a child in all intention of what she did; but, having taken a fancy to the Unwins, she would have them come to the Abbey again and again: Mary to enjoy the summer beauty of the gardens, and Valentine to paint her portrait. This was a dangerous ordeal for an imaginative mind like poor Val's. He drank in a subtle inspiration from her looks, words, gestures; she treated him with a rather peremptory familiarity; called him by his Christian name; gave him flowers, lent him books, and said once, she wished she had such a brother. As for thinking that the young enthusiast might repay her kindness with love, she would as soon have suspected the mendicant in the street of lifting his eyes to her.

Sir Everard probably saw more clearly than she did, what might happen; for his demeanor to Valentine, though kind, was stiff and stately; for which the lad liked him little, as it may be supposed. Mention has been made of the portrait that he was painting of her—a business which brought them frequently into proximity; for Valentine was a painstaking, and by no means, in this instance, a rapid workman. He had his easel in the picture gallery, and there she sat to him. Sir Everard watched the progress of the picture with lofty indulgence; of course, he knew that it was bad, but it delighted Rosamund and Aunt Carry, so he could not object. But such blue, blue eyes, such carmine cheeks, were surely

never seen anywhere but on a very juvenile canvas. Dawdle over it as he would, it was finished at last, and fixed in a gorgeous gilt frame. Then, and not till then, did Rosamund perceive what a sublime caricature of herself it presented. Sir Everard and Aunt Carry went ceremoniously to give their opinion as it stood on its easel—an accomplished work. Valentine was standing beside it, looking down upon the face with that shy tenderness of expression with which youth contemplates its first creation; he saw more, much more, of course, than there was there to see; in fact, he did not see the picture as it was at all, but merely his own idealized vision of its original. Rosamund, overflowing with a sly amusement, led her aunt up to it by the hand; and, performing a mocking reverence, said:—

"Let me present you, Aunt Carry, to her rosy-cheeked majesty, the queen of the milk-maids."

"I'm sure, my dear, it is a very beautiful picture, and does Mr. Unwin great credit," says Aunt Carry, putting up her glass.

Valentine had felt Rosamund's satire; but, except a slight convulsion of his upper lip, no sign of pain escaped him. Sir Everard saw it, however; and, liking the lad's self-command, he praised the work where he honestly could, in a quiet, judicious way, which consoled the artist, if not the boy.

"The drawing is good and free; the color will tone down in time. Mr. Unwin, I never saw a picture by a hand so unpractised, equally, or nearly as good. There is nothing meretricious in the style: nothing. I shall wait for your mellowing and maturing, and then you shall try the same subject again for me."

"I shall take Mr. Unwin to my room to consult as to the best light for hanging it," said Aunt Carry, who, without any pretence, admired the picture extremely. "Will you give me a few minutes?"

Valentine accompanied her gladly, and the lovers were left alone.

"It is very wooden, Everard. I wish I had not let him do it, poor fellow!" said Rosamund.

"I assure you, Rose, it is a very respectable production for the lad at his years. If he can paint like that now, he will ripen into one of the best painters by-and-by," Sir Everard replied.

"I will have it put out of sight to-day."

As Rosamund was uttering these words, Valentine and Aunt Carry re-entered. He heard them, and understood at once all they meant. He would have been more than mortal if he had not betrayed that he heard them. Rosamund had a good heart, which loved not to give pain, and she tried to say something to him; but the red had flashed into his face, and the tears into his eyes like a child's. He turned away abruptly, and took up his cap to depart. Aunt Carry's fussy delight, all unsuspecting and single-minded, covered the little awkwardness, and allowed him time to recover himself. He then said, "Good-morning!" and left the gallery.

Stung to the quick, burning with mortified pride and love, he marched home and shut himself in his room to hide his woes. Mary gained admittance by-and-by, and then, as the happy salutary fashion of the youthful heart is, he made full confession to her, and received comfort appropriate to his frame of mind.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

TOWARDS eleven o'clock one sunshiny morning a continuous stream of people, with a vast disproportion of ladies, was passing by the door of old Wisp's oil and color shop on their way to the parish church of Burnham. That their purposes were not devotional might be safely inferred from the general air of liveliness and enjoyment that prevailed amongst them, and the rapid and careless toilets,—British ladies generally worship in chosen raiment. Old Wisp's wife, a genial, gossiping, redundant person, stood in the doorway with her bonnet in her hand, and evidently meditated following the herd by-and-by; mean time she communicated her observations on the people to old Wisp and Valentine Unwin, who were sitting in the shop, the latter with his back to the window and the street, vainly trying to affect indifference to the great event that was to happen that day.

"You are dull this morning, Mr. Valentine; arn't you well?" asked the matron. "A wedding always livens me up."

Old Wisp sighed, and said she was not in want of any spur to her vivacity under ordinary circumstances, and Valentine, with a sickly smile on his sallow, young face, replied, that weddings cheered everybody's spirits;

unless, perhaps, it were the bereaved relatives and friends of the bride. His remarks had such a dreary, moral tone that Mrs. Wisp, ordinarily the best-tempered woman in the world, was provoked:—

"Law! Mr. Valentine, one might think Miss Wilton was going to be buried instead of married, to hear you talk. I advise you to put on your cap and just come away to church like the rest of us!"

"I hope he knows better!" growled old Wisp; "weddings always make fools of women."

"You are right enough there, Joe; so they do! 'specially their own!" retorted his wife. "There they go—down Bongate!"

Valentine Unwin turned white and sick as he got up and looked out at the doorway to see the rapid cavalcade pass along the end of the street. Mrs. Wisp had disappeared amongst the throng, and perhaps, that gave her husband courage to be inconsistent; for, as the last carriage whirled by, he said: "Let's go and peep at the church; a wedding's a pretty sight!"

Valentine longed to do it, so he was easy to be persuaded; and, leaving the shop to take care of itself, they started off in all haste. There was a great crowd about the church-door, but Valentine was now so vehemently agitated that he pushed his way in amongst them. Having effected an entrance, he worked himself into a position whence he could see every member of the wedding-party clearly. The ceremony was just commencing; but from first to last, he heard never a word of it, for the violent singing in his ears, and the throbbing of every vein and nerve in his body; his face was flushed; his eyes wild,—he scarcely knew what he did; certainly, he did not know how he looked, and what notice he was attracting, or he would not have been there. The last thing he saw with the eyes of recognition, was Rosamund issuing from the vestry on Sir Everard's arm. She looked quite happy; bright and smiling under her maiden coronal of flowers; but there was a higher expression in her face, as if her wild, girlish spirits had made pause to reflect on this culminating day of her life.

When the lad got home, he went up stairs holding by the banisters; there was a racking pain in his head, a fever-heat burning all over him. And when Mary summoned him to dinner, though he came, not a single

mouthful could he swallow. Mary looked at him with pitying dismay, and Tom Unwin with surprise.

"What ails Val that he has lost his appetite?" said he, regarding him anxiously. "I hope you are not going to have this horrid fever that is stirring in Burnham. Make him some tea, and let him get to bed, Mary."

But Valentine would sit up in his painting-room and paint—such phantasmagoria! such wild, ridiculous faces, like the dreams of a delirious person! In fact, the lad was delirious, or tending fast that way. Mary came up and sat with him when her household tasks were finished, but he would not talk. A long, silent hour passed between them, and then she, thinking to comfort him in the usual way, began to speak of Rosamund. He turned round and stared at her wildly for a minute, and then burst into a sudden passion of tears. Mary was terrified, but he flung himself down on his knees with his head in her lap and wept like a woman in spite of all her consolations. Probably this fit of emotion removed the pressure from the brain, and saved him from something worse, for when his sobs ceased through simple exhaustion, he was more like himself again; but for weeks a slow fever hung about his frame, wearing him to a shadow. There was even a time when Mary thought he would die, but the elasticity of youth triumphed and bore him through—a good deal wasted and worn, but ultimately none the worse, mentally or morally, for the pathetic end of his first love's dream.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SEVEN years have elapsed since the marriage of Sir Everard and Lady Maxwell, and the end of them finds Valentine Unwin and his sister located in a dingy set of rooms which they have furnished themselves on the third story of a house in Newman Street. There are many other people under the same roof, all more or less noisy, irregular, and slovenly; it is a queer place for Mary, with her orderly tastes and habits, to be in; but she would live any where with Valentine, who says this is the artists' quarter, and for that reason prefers it to any other. The stairs are covered, not with carpet, but with a narrow strip of sheet-lead; the doorway is always wide open, being in possession of perpetual parties of juvenile street-brigands, and on the ground-floor is a shop with a collection of images,

tazze, picture-frames and other such commodities for which there does not appear to be a very brisk sale. Young men singing spasmodic chants up the stairs very late at night, or rather very early in the morning, used once greatly to alarm Mary, who had a reasonable dread of fire and of tipsy candles going to bed, but she took little heed of them now—she was wearing into the new life with that ease and perfectness which is the peculiar attribute of self-denying women.

Tom Unwin had been taken from an unappreciating world four years before, and then the two children, gathered together the little he had to leave them and removed to London.

It is a supererogatory piece of information to say that they were poor—of course, they were poor—but they were a happy pair notwithstanding. Mary's stone drawing kept the wolf from the door; she knew every turn and double of the science of domestic economy, and practised them with the art of a household Machiavel.

Valentine had his three meals a day and neat clothing; Mary—but then it did not matter how she was dressed—she was so very plain. But, plain or not, Mary was a great favorite with the young fellows who came up the leaded staircase to her brother's painting-room. She was full of wise and witty talk, and good sense too; she had given up being nervously shy, and made tea for visitors, by chance, with a smiling face, which lost half its ugliness during the process. There was one enthusiast who said she had handsome eyes, and that if she were only a little fatter, she would be better looking than half the women he knew.

Valentine had not done great things as yet; he was young and obscure, but he was diligent, patient, and hopeful—nay, confident of ultimate success, though it might be preceded by many a struggle, many a disappointment and anxiety. Perhaps it was the consciousness of the growing and ripening power within him that kept him cheerful and happy. —Mary thought so.

While the chill March east-wind was sweeping the London streets—while snow-drops and timid violets were opening in the grass under sunny country hedgerows, Valentine was cooped up in his painting-room working with honest fervor at a picture which he hoped to see on the walls of the Academy.

Mary watched his conception grow out upon the canvas, day by day until she discerned in the sweet face an idealized reminiscence of Rosamund Wilton—poor Val's first love. He had no other love since then to efface the vivid beauty of that dream, and her face and form were still his perfect incarnation of womanly loveliness. His picture was a Sybil, a glorious inspired countenance, lofty and pure in expression, as if her soul were communing with gods. It was a finer picture than Valentine knew; the hand now was beginning to obey the heart; the pencil to work out faithfully, what the spirit conceived. Mary looked forward eagerly to the coming day when his genius should be acknowledged, and they should be no longer poor—when they should no more need to economize every penny, to live sparsely and dress meanly. But I will not expose poor Mary's thrift in her early toilsome days; she never exposed it, and why should her biographer do it for her?

Valentine was no longer the plain-looking individual he had been once; but as little could he lay claim to that, to me, objectionable praise, of being a "handsome man." He had an olive face, thin and clear in feature, dark gray, deep-set eyes, and black hair, rather long and waved. A small moustache shaded his mouth, and a peaked beard ornamented his chin: as it had never known the razor, it was fine and glossy, and consequently an object of vain emulation amongst his fellow artists. Mary used to tease him sometimes, and tell him that he had a personal vanity in his hirsute glories, but she did not believe what she said. There never was a man of simpler and more guileless temper than he was; a child could have taken him in—yes, and often did, by a pitiful tale of fever or father's leg, beguiling pence from his unsuspecting pocket. He looked older than his years, from his grave, absorbed air; but under all his gravity there was a vein of humor, true and genial. If Fate meant to have many more campaigns with him before letting him pass through the gates of worldly success, she could scarcely have met with any man who would bear her assaults with better temper, or repulse them with higher mettle. He was made of that finely wrought stuff which will bend and rebound, but never break; of that strong fibre which pressure stretches, but cannot rend. Amongst a thousand it would be hard to find ten men with greater elements

of success in them, than lay hid under the quiet exterior of Valentine Unwin. Mary knew and felt this; and, under the burden which rested mainly on her patient shoulders, it upheld her mightily.

It was pleasantly curious to see the pair at work in their mutual studio; Mary, spectacled and stern, bending over her stone, with fine elaborate touch, stroke by stroke shading up a cloud to the required blackness, or sometimes sketching a vignette for a song,—a rather favorite task of hers, because it called out what little invention she possessed. A poetical interpretation had been put, now and then, on Mary's music vignettes, for which the publishers would sometimes give her a couple of guineas; but her most constant work was laying those broad, flat tints on which we first saw her toiling at the Burnham School of Design. Valentine stood at his easel, idle sometimes, but not often. When he was in a slow humor, his great work, the Sybil, reposed, and he sketched children's heads from the family of the woman who lived in the basement and looked after the lodgers. People are attracted by a pretty drawing of a child, who could not appreciate high art, and Valentine had sold several groups of Gypsy Girls, Peasant Boys, and Angels, all renderings of the Bilton family, who happened, fortunately, to be very good looking. Once he took Mary as a fortune-teller; the likeness was inimitable, but nobody had a fancy to her, and she still remained in her pictorial cloak and hood, leaned up against the study wall, with her face towards it, unsold, and unlikely to be sold, unless a windfall of good fortune happened to that young enthusiast, who said she had handsome eyes. But when he was in his best moods, then he labored on the Sybil, and so it came to pass, that, out of his patience she grew slowly into perfection; every touch was a touch of love, for Valentine was a true artist, and gave his whole energy of soul and spirit to the accomplishment of his work! There was not a careless stroke, not an unmeaning stroke in the whole; he might hereafter paint with greater fluency, but never with more fervor, never with more faithfulness.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"DINNER is ready, Val!" Val paid no heed to the thrice repeated announcement; he was regarding his picture with that pleasant en-

thusiasm which comes over the true artist when he forgets himself in his art, and feels that he has done a piece of true and honest work. Mary came behind him, and admired over his shoulder. The great picture was finished, and it was beautiful indeed—beautiful enough to satisfy even her who would not have him ever fall short of the best; her praise was not very lofty in sound, but Valentine knew its value. "It will *do*!" said she, emphatically. "Go on and conquer, my brother!"

He turned about and gave her a kiss, exclaiming gaily, but without a trace of conceit, "I think it *will* do, Mary!"

And then the pair, in the highest good-humor, betook themselves to the little round table in the corner, and ate their dinner silently, the Sybil watching them with inspired eyes, which did not look much as if they were meant to contemplate such a homely scene.

I know not whether it was a picture that would please generally. It was a single figure, without any theatrical accessories or startling effects. The eye settled at once upon the face, and lingered there with a loving sense of beholding a beauty that satisfied heart and soul fully. It was woman, and it was goddess; it was purity and strength; it was earth and heaven combined. The idea had been distinctly conceived, and executed faithfully. The flesh tints were pure, warm, and rich, as if life-blood glowed through the face; the lips breathed; the hair floated abroad as if air stirred in it. The manipulation of every, the minutest part, was exquisitely delicate and expressive. The white drapery that covered, without concealing, the swelling outlines of throat and bosom, was painted with as tender and thoughtful a care as the soft bloom of the cheek, or the dewy brilliancy of the eye; the clasp of the girdle gleamed like jewels rarely set, and the golden armlets bound the supple arms as if they were raised from the polished flesh. The back-ground was all dark, except above the head, whence a light shone down upon the face as if out of heaven, and by this light the figure was seen. I cannot tell whether it transgressed any of the conventional rules of art; but, whether or not, it was a picture to which the gaze would wander again and again, and from which the mind would carry away a thought of beauty never to be forgotten.

Valentine's painting-room was besieged many times that day by his young fellow artists, who were not perhaps such enthusiasts as Mary in his behalf; for before night, under their frosty comments and predictions, his hopes and dreams lost much of their glow. They were not curious or jealous—these are not the vices of the careless, thriftless tribe—but they were dubious, and thought to lessen his disappointment, if ultimately he were disappointed, by not flattering too much now.

"You expect to get it into the Academy Exhibition, Val; but you won't," said one lugubrious, long-haired individual, who had not found his historical paintings, twelve feet by fourteen, very acceptable to the Hanging Committee. "You won't, and I'll tell you why: the old fogies are so afraid of a new fellow who is likely to cut them out, that they'll never let you in."

"Nonsense!" cried Mary, good-humoredly. "You youngsters have too high a conceit of yourselves; to talk of any of *you* cutting out the old names! Make names for yourselves, and let other people's abide in good odor!"

Mr. Sharpe put up his eyebrows at this little tirade, and told Mary she did not know the petty feelings rife in the world.

"Val and I will not listen to croakers!" retorted she. "You will learn to think better of human nature every day longer that you live: I do. Val's picture will make him no enemies, and no rivals, I'm sure!"

"I wish it may not, and that it may be accepted and well hung; but look how I have been treated! For five years running have I sent in a noble work or two, and they have never exhibited one! But I'll keep on plaguing 'em till they do; for, I know why I am kept out;" and Mr. Sharpe looked grimly significant, as he formed with his lips a certain awful name, at which both Valentine and Mary laughed. "It is the great Mac, and nobody else, who keeps me out!" added the luckless artist, piqued by the rallying laugh. "If one of my pictures gets hung on those venal walls—which I don't expect—his reputation will evaporate like a puff of smoke from a bad cheroot. Miss Mary, I am athirst,—is the kettle boiling?"

The kettle was boiling; so Mary made tea to console the unphilosophical painter, who afterwards helped the frame-maker, who came up from the little shop to fix Sybil in her

frame. The picture remained in the studio about a week longer, and was then sent in for the approval of the Committee, who, to Mr. Sharpe's surprise and indignation, accepted it, and gave it an excellent position on their "venal walls." Valentine bore his success with modest exultation.

"We shall see Rome yet, Mary!" cried he.

"Surely we shall!" was her answer; but Mr. Sharpe, whose private disappointments made him ever a wet blanket over the kindling hopes of his friends, bade them wait and see what the art critics said about the picture, and whether it was sold or not. Mary was sure it would be sold, and equally sure that nobody could find any thing but good to say about it.

Still the private-view days passed, and the Exhibition opened to the general public; but Valentine Unwin's picture did not bear that sweet sign of appreciation expressed by the green ticket bearing the magic word *Sold*. Mary was keenly disappointed in her own mind; but she bade Valentine not be impatient,—its lucky day would come. It seemed long in coming, however; and as week after week passed by, the young artist, a little subdued, betook himself to his children's heads, and Mary to her lithography, with the steady perseverance which daily wants, and nothing but daily wants, elicit.

Mary spent more shillings than was strictly prudent, in visiting the Exhibition at fashionable hours, to see how her brother's picture affected the general mob of observers. Most people paused before it for a lengthy survey, and she overheard many comments, all more or less complimentary; now and then she saw a fastidious connoisseur return to it again and again to enjoy it, and, as she hoped, notwithstanding the obscure name of the artist, to purchase it. But this longed-for event did not come to pass: the sultry summer days flew by, and the Exhibition was within a week of closing, when a curious incident occurred; what this was shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MARY was sitting at the Exhibition on a bench in the neighborhood of the picture, on the watch as usual, when a little girl, elegantly dressed, who had escaped from the hand of an elderly, one-armed gentleman, came and perched herself beside her. There were not

many persons in the room at the time, and the child's eyes, after roving about for some minutes, settled on the Sybil. They opened with surprise first and then with delight; and, springing from her seat, she ran back to the gentleman, crying out, in glee, "Here is a picture like mamma; come and look at the picture like mamma!" She drew him close to the place where Mary was, and held him by the hand while he looked at the picture. He seemed to regard it with an interest as painful as it was profound; and stayed before it, silent and motionless, until a lady and gentleman appeared in the doorway of the adjoining room. Mary immediately recognized Lady Maxwell; and glancing a second time at the one-armed officer, she recollected in him Sir Everard Maxwell. Lady Maxwell passed slowly round from picture to picture, conversing in an undertone with her companion, and Mary had ample opportunities for observing her. She was not less beautiful than formerly; but there was an expression of restlessness or discontent come into her face, as if some disturbing influence were acting on her life. Her dress and air were those of a woman of high fashion; and the gentleman who accompanied her, though distinguished and handsome in his appearance, still had in his manner a familiarity couched under his deference, which ought to have offended her dignity, but which was submitted to, perhaps from mere carelessness.

When the little girl espied her mother, she ran to her, preferring the same loud request as she had made to Sir Everard: "Mamma, mamma! come and look at the picture like yourself!" and Lady Maxwell permitted herself to be placed opposite to where the Sybil hung. Mary saw the startled, almost frightened, expression of countenance with which she looked at it, and heard the sigh with which she said, "That is no more than mamma's possible, May; and a thousand times more than her actual."

Sir Everard turned and looked in his wife's face: "It is not more than you were meant to be, Rosa," said he, gently.

She took her husband's arm, and the child in her other hand. Mary saw her countenance as they walked away from before the picture; and it seemed that a better spirit had come into her heart: the old frank, honest, kindly spirit that had given her such

a charm in her maiden days. The other gentleman followed behind, his *débonnaire*, insolent visage darkened and crest-fallen. Rosamund's good genius walked invisible, but her evil one was obtrusive enough. I am afraid Mary's charity would have been shortened, if she could have known the thoughts smouldering in that gay gentleman's heart just then. When they were gone, Mary went home too, and told her brother whom she had seen admiring his picture. The next day it was marked, Sold, and Sir Everard Maxwell was the purchaser.

A few days after this incident, while Valentine was gone to negotiate the purchase of a canvas for another ideal picture, the dingy street resounded to as sonorous a knock as had ever awakened its echoes in its best days. Mary was up in the painting-room, and her heart bounded at the noise most pleasantly. She peeped out of the window, and saw a carriage standing; while the street brigands, routed from their fortress of the door-step by the footman's toe, stood aloof, contemplating it with admiring wonderment. It was a generation, at least, since a carriage had stopped at that shabby-genteel door, or such a party entered at it. First Sir Everard issued from the carriage, then Lady Maxwell, gay and resplendent, and, finally the gentleman who had been in her company at the Exhibition. The imperative, fashionable knock had brought Mrs. Bilton to the door in such a state of nervous flurry, that she let them all come in, and preceded them up the leaded staircase, striving vainly with a very grimy hand to conceal the discrepancies of her gown behind. From its approaches, Valentine Unwin's studio might have been expected to exhibit the most sordid appearance; but it did not do so, thanks to Mary's thrift and care; and the visitors were agreeably surprised, on entering it, to see a clean room, papered with green, and covered with clever sketches and copies. Mary received them with more ease and comfort than she would have been able to do some years before, gave them chairs, and sat down herself, saying that her brother was only gone a short distance, and would return in a few moments.

"And you two live together here; 'tis quite a little romance of sisterly devotion!" said Lady Maxwell, regarding poor Mary with a glance that comprehended and appreciated

all her toilsome days and careful nights. "I remembered your name directly I heard it; and I assure you I was proud to see how amply Valentine had fulfilled all our predictions. You said you expected of him no less than perfection in his art, and he has attained to it, Sir Everard, has he not?"

"Mr. Unwin is a great artist. I saw that in his portrait of you before our marriage," replied Sir Everard, thus appealed to.

Lady Maxwell laughed.

"Perhaps he might be inclined now to disown that remarkable work," said she; "but Aunt Carry prizes it more and more daily; and if he is famous, she will show it about as his early phase of genius in art."

"Was his Sybil painted from one of the ordinary models?" asked Sir Everard. "It is a glorious picture!"

Mary's plain face colored high with delight. "It is a glorious picture!" she said, with animation; "but it was not wrought from one of the models, it was inspired by memory and fancy."

"It is like my wife—so extraordinarily like my wife!" replied the baronet. "The likeness even struck our little girl."

"He was only a boy when he knew me, and can scarcely have remembered me. It is a chance resemblance," said Lady Maxwell.

"He must have been a precocious boy, Cousin Rosa," murmured the gentleman who came with Sir Everard and his wife, in a fine, insolent way.

Mary disliked his visage. There was an expression about it of assured power, borne half-contemptuously, that made the feminine instinct within her recoil. Lady Maxwell averted her face. Mary thought there was an angry sparkle in her eyes as she turned away.

At this moment Valentine's step was heard bounding up the stairs, three steps at a time, and he burst unceremoniously into the room, little thinking how he was to find it occupied; for the carriage had been ordered to go and return, and the ordinary body of infantry was in possession of the doorstep: all the more rampant because of their brief expulsion. He paused amazed, and then, with a deep flush staining his olive cheek, stammered out something about the unexpected honor and pleasure of the visit, so incoherent as to give the younger gentleman, whose name was Mr.

Percival Long, a grotesque idea of the precocious boy who had idealized his Cousin Rosa in the Sybil.

But Valentine was no fool; and the first shock of astonishment over, he quickly recovered his equanimity, and conversed fluently and sensibly with Sir Everard, who was rather stilted and haughty in manner; that is to say, he felt that he was talking with a person inferior to himself by birth, station, and wealth, and could not help betraying it. He seemed well-intentioned, kindly, and honorable; but, at the same time, proud and reserved, if not cold, in temper. Mr. Percival Long thought Mary far too plain to engage his civility, so he only condescended to whisper to Cousin Rosa, and now and then to draw a scornful regard about the studio and its appointments. He afterwards said that he had no idea where that kind of people lived—meaning the young artists who have their fame and fortune yet to make.

"Have you tried portrait painting, Mr. Unwin?" asked Sir Everard. "You would have a great success in that department of art. I do not know a modern hand that pleases me so thoroughly as yours at a female face—delicate, expressive—"

"And flattering," added Lady Maxwell, laughing.

"Portrait-painting fellows would never get on unless they flattered. Nobody would sit to them," remarked Mr. Percival Long, with his air of saying something very new and very wise.

"I shall be very glad to execute an old commission that you promised me long ago, Sir Everard," said Valentine, turning from Mr. Percival Long with a grave self-command that astonished Mary; "perhaps you remember what it was?"

"Yes, perfectly; that was what I was coming to—Lady Maxwell's portrait; not that you will ever make a more striking or beautiful picture of her than you have done accidentally in the Sybil; but I want her painted in a group with our little May."

Valentine bowed, but did not think it needful to explain how far the likeness to Lady Maxwell had been accidental.

"We are going down to the Abbey next week," Sir Everard added; "and if you will make your holiday there this summer, you shall have sittings during your visit. It will be a change for you from London heat and noise."

Valentine paid no heed to the patronizing manner of the invitation, but expressed his willingness to accept it; and, after the interchange of a few more inquiries and replies, the Maxwells and Mr. Percival Long went their way.

"He is a very unassuming young man," said Sir Everard, as they drove off; "pleasing, and of evident genius."

Mr. Percival Long yawned.

"Great bore to live as he does, though," lisped he wearily; "complete stagnation."

"Not such stagnation as an idle life, without any object, either worthy or unworthy," retorted Lady Maxwell, significantly.

"Cousin Rosa, you were always a hero-worshipper," he said, with a glance at Sir Everard's empty sleeve; "but even heroes are made of common clay, and have their unpoetical side, like the rest of mankind."

She looked out from the window, and again that painful expression came into her face. Could she be unhappy in her marriage with that stately gentleman, old enough to be her father? Sir Everard was not the hero her youthful imagination had painted him. He was exacting, methodical, rigid, punctilious; he had little asperities of temper; he had many prejudices: he admired his wife and loved her; but still Rosamund's young imagination and feelings found him cold and reserved. Thus they had fallen gradually apart—she a true, warm-hearted woman: he an honest, worthy gentleman—because Fate, after throwing a glamour of romance over their eyes until they were inseparably united, had since done her best to dissipate it. Mr. Percival Long then appeared in the gap, with his insolent calm. Rosa, in the confidence of cousinship, told him more than she ought to have done.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

IN the picture-gallery of the Abbey there was assembled, about a fortnight later, the following group of people: Lady Maxwell, dressed in fair robes, jewelled and crowned matronwise; little May, soft and fairy-like in white muslin and curls of golden brown hair; Sir Everard Maxwell, solemn and precise, with a heated spot on his cheek, as if something had grated amiss on his temper; the idly elegant Mr. Percival Long, and Valentine Unwin. The easel was there, and the canvas upon it, and the picture of the mother and

child was evidently to be commenced that morning. Any one, even the most careless observer, might have seen that an air of constraint and annoyance pervaded the whole party, and to admit the truth at once, Sir Everard was in a fume. He was easily chafed in temper, and an impertinent assumption of Mr. Percival Long's had put him out so greatly, that before his wife and Valentine Unwin he had told him at breakfast that he was a conceited, insincere young puppy, of whose company he was heartily weary—a true speech and not undeserved, perhaps, but violent and offensive in tone and manner. Rosamund was vexed for her cousin and took his part, whereupon ensued a combat of words which could not but be mutually aggravating—such combats were, unhappily, not rare between them, and of late Mr. Percival Long had generally been their cause. Valentine listened with sorrow and dismay. To see Rosamund's face crimsoned with anger pained and shocked him unutterably; it destroyed half the poetry of her beautiful idea, and he was glad to escape the end of the uncomfortable scene by retreating to the gallery to prepare for his work.

The position of Lady Maxwell and her little daughter being settled to every one's satisfaction, the baronet left the gallery, and Valentine forthwith proceeded to sketch in the group. While he was thus occupied Mr. Percival Long sat by, and talked in his customary strain of believing in nothing and admiring nothing, which some persons now-a-days seem to regard as a test of pure taste. Such conversation was not very refreshing to Valentine Unwin, who had most of his enthusiasms in his heart still fresh and warm; neither—to judge from the expression of Lady Maxwell's countenance—was it particularly agreeable to her; though, when she had finished the morning's sitting, and he invited her to ride, she consented without any hesitation, and left the gallery with him. Little May chose to remain behind, to keep the painter company, as she said, and presently, the day being warm and the tiny maiden tired, she fell asleep on the floor where she had seated herself at his feet, with one of her fat white arms clasping his leg. Valentine bent over to look at the innocent, rosy, unconscious face, and took that favorable opportunity to sketch her features, for May, when wide awake, had so much quicksilver in her, that it was not an easy task to keep her quiet for five minutes to-

gether. While he was thus occupied, Sir Everard re-entered the gallery in search of his wife, and May woke up at his step.

"Mamma and Cousin Percy have gone out to ride," said she, in answer to his question. He turned abruptly away with an angry word.

"I wish Cousin Percy would go away to his own home; it is never nice when he is here," says little May, plaintively.

Valentine Unwin had been introduced accidentally to witness the last act in a domestic tragedy. Sir Everard went to the window at the end of the gallery, and looked across the park, beyond the boundary trees of which he saw the figures of his wife and her cousin disappearing. As he again faced Valentine Unwin, the young man saw a jealous light burning in the old man's eyes, and knew what it meant. Valentine had penetrated and loathed Mr. Percival Long from the first moment that he had seen him in Lady Maxwell's company. But he saw that the flippant cousin was but an easy resource, a refuge to her from her own repining thoughts; not an interest that was ever likely to grow into affection. He was habit to her; not necessity. A man of finer feeling than Mr. Percival Long would have understood this, and have left off his idle and hopeless pursuit.

It was towards dinner-time when Lady Maxwell and her companion returned from their ride. Valentine was in the library and saw them approaching. Presently, they entered the room together; but, not perceiving that Valentine was standing in the curtained recess of a window, went on talking as if they were alone.

"Sir Everard will drive you to it," said Mr. Percival Long, with a weary yawn, as if he were tired of some argument that they had been holding together, and in which he could not gain the advantage.

"Don't speak of separation. Sir Everard suffers too: our marriage was a great mistake, but it cannot be mended now."

"Tis a pity that you did not acknowledge that to yourself long ago, and keep your own counsel," replied Mr. Percival Long, with a sneer.

"Perhaps I should have done it, but for you, Percy," said Lady Maxwell, in a low, sad voice. "I ought to have done so."

She then slowly retired from the room, and her cousin followed. Valentine felt annoyed and angry at himself for having been thus ac-

vidently betrayed into playing the part of the eavesdropper, but what he had heard unintentionally sent him back thoughtful to his room, to devise a means of averting the domestic misery that he saw preparing. While reflecting on what he had discovered with pain, such as he was sure to feel in the contemplation of wrong and treachery, he took a pencil and began to sketch in a woman's face and figure. Without design he gave her Rosamund's features; but into them he threw such an intensity of despair, of anguish; into the attitude such a weary, hopeless prostration as only come of the lost life, lost honor of a woman who yet cannot lose her sense of sin and shame—who is haunted by the ghost of her slain innocence, by day and night remorsefully. Valentine looked at his cruel sketch, and a strange thought came into his mind.

The whole party met at dinner, and, when they separated afterwards, Valentine sought the picture-gallery, and placed his sketch on the easel; soon after Lady Maxwell came in alone; the young artist watched her as she approached it, with that languid, dispirited air which now seemed habitual to her; he saw her pause and take it up. Suddenly a crimson flush rose upon face and neck, to die into a deathly pallor; her proud head sank, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. Valentine looked away from her with a painful throbbing at his own heart; his picture parable had been understood.

"Are you coming, Cousin Rosa?" asked Mr. Percival Long's voice from the garden: "Sir Everard has fallen asleep after his dinner." He was standing at the open window looking in with his cold, insolent eyes sparkling with wine and excitement. Valentine Unwin waited for the issue. "Are you coming, Cousin Rosa?" was repeated rather impatiently.

"No, Percival," was the answer.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

VALENTINE UNWIN then went out, directing his steps down towards the river, along whose banks he strayed for a mile or two until he got out of hearing of all the life-sounds and echoes that floated around the busy town of Burnham, and quite amongst rural scenes. As he followed the course of the stream, he had perceived a boat upon the water at some distance in advance, and con-

jectured rightly that it was Mr. Percival Long who was rowing it—he was in the habit of spending much of his day on the river, and was a vigorous swimmer and rower—an adept, indeed, in most manly exercise. Valentine, deeply buried in his own thoughts, saw, without taking much heed to his progress, and presently a little creek, whose brink was thickly planted with willows, hid the boat from his view. Having made a *détour* to avoid the bush, and gain the open bank beyond, he had in front of him a quiet little village, and a mill, whose wheel was still for the time, and at this point he sat down to rest under the shade of an ancient elm. It was a great treat to Valentine to be in the country once more, amidst the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, and away from the turmoil of busy London; but he would have enjoyed it far more if his faithful Mary had been there to share it with him. To bring her as close, to him as possible he took out his note-book and wrote her a letter on two or three of the blank leaves, full of those little details which are the charm of a familiar correspondence; but he said no single word of the subject so painfully thrust on his own attention in Sir Everard Maxwell's home.

As the shades of evening began to close over the landscape, he thought of returning to the Abbey; but he did not reach it until dark, and the first inquiry that met him was if he had seen Mr. Percival Long. It was Sir Everard who asked.

"I saw him rowing down the river; but as he did not reappear in coming back, he is still out," replied Valentine.

"He is very fond of the water. Rosa, let us have a little music," said the baronet, cheerfully. Lady Maxwell went to the piano and sat down to sing. She never glanced towards the artist once; but her manner was easier than he had seen it before. There had been explanation and reconciliation between the young wife and her grave husband, and she was all the happier for the effort and confession she had made. Half an hour was easily whiled away over the music, and then Sir Everard again reverted to Mr. Percival Long's absence. "It is not like him to stay on the river after dark—and there is no moon. It is foolish of him."

Lady Maxwell said there was nothing to fear.

"Nothing to fear, of course not," replied

Sir Everard. "What should there be to fear?"

Another half hour went by, an hour—and still he did not appear. A servant was dispatched to the boat-house to see if he was returned, and as he was absent until midnight, the household went to rest, Lady Maxwell having suggested that he had gone down the river to a place ten miles off, where the fishing was good, and where he had before remained all night without giving notice of his intentions. Not the slightest uneasiness was raised in any mind apparently, by his prolonged absence; but Valentine Unwin, recollecting the young man's excited air, when he left the house, after his cousin's refusal to accompany him, felt several anxieties creeping over him; and after a restless night he was just about to set off on a second walk down by the river, when he saw a group of laboring men approaching the house. Before they spoke he guessed their tidings. The Abbey boat had been found upset near the mill, and a little way below the drowned body of Rosa's cousin. It was conjectured, that, returning in the dark, he had struck against some overstretching bough of a tree and upset the light boat, and had been drowned by getting entangled amongst the swift eddies of the

river, where the mill stream rushed into it over the weir.

Old Sir Everard took his wife away from the Abbey immediately the funeral was over, and went abroad with her and little May. It was three years before Valentine Unwin saw them again. They met in Rome, whither he and Mary had gone at last on the proceeds of a royal commission for a picture which established his high repute and directed a stream of popular patronage, and ultimately popular money into his hands. He is a great painter now, one of the greatest of living painters; Mary's dreams and ambition for him are fulfilled. It was at Rome that he painted the fine picture of Lady Maxwell and her daughter which now hangs in the gallery at Burnham Abbey; it was at Rome also that he met the beautiful girl who succeeded in eclipsing the lingering memory of his First Love, and afterwards became his wife. Mary lives with them; and through the fine, generous adaptability of her character, is a treasure to their house,—an especial treasure to their children. Valentine Unwin has no friend more steadfast than Sir Everard Maxwell, except Mary; whose love had stood by him From First to Last.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR OLMSTED.—Denison Olmsted, LL.D.; Professor of Astronomy in Yale College, died this morning, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

His surviving college mates, and forty classes of his pupils, with the unnumbered teachers and readers of his scientific works, will peruse this notice with the profoundest sorrow, and sympathize with his bereaved family.

Professor Olmsted was graduated at Yale College in the last class taught by Professor Dwight; and from that time to the close of his life (with the exception of a few years passed at the University of North Carolina), he has been an active, able, and successful teacher of science in the same institution.

His last winter's course of lectures is spoken of at New Haven as the most full and brilliant of any delivered in the course of his long and useful life. The exhaustion which followed these labors aggravated the habitual infirmity of his constitution, and brought on the acute neuralgia under which he sunk.

The scientific labors and writings of the Professor have been prominently before the public during the period of nearly forty years, since he

undertook the geological survey of North Carolina: and his books have been the source of a large income, which enabled him to make his beautiful home at York Square the seat of hospitality to the vast circle of literary and scientific men which is habitually found at New Haven.

His garden and grounds, we learn from a friend, were blooming in their richest luxuriance this morning, unconscious that the hand which had long tended them was finally withdrawn, and that the eye which had so lovingly watched them, was closed forever. His family cannot yet realize the desolation which must follow his removal from a home lately so full of light and joy and happiness. But they have the rich and enduring solace of his life-long care and counsel, his well-earned reputation, and his last words, "all is peace within."

Professor Olmsted was one of the most accomplished and best known of our men of science. He was a member of many of the scientific institutions of this country as well as of Europe, a large contributor to the various scientific periodicals, a voluminous author, and both as a teacher and a man universally beloved.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, 13 May.

From The North British Review.

The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Cambridge: 1859, 8vo.

AMONG the class of person whose convictions ultimately form the popular opinion upon such matters, a feeling has of late years been gaining ground that Milton's reputation as a poet has been relatively higher than is justified by his works. Mr. Ruskin's boldly declared preference of "Cary's Dante" before "Milton's *Paradise Lost*," did not fill people with the astonishment, wrath, or ridicule, with which it would have been once received. Not, indeed, that recent criticism has discovered unsuspected faults in Milton, besides those which were exposed in Dr. Johnson's famous critique, and most of which it will always be more easy to deny than to disprove. Milton's reputation, *absolutely*, stands as high as ever, or higher; and, if it seems to have sunk, it is only that our modern views of nature and of its relation to art have opened our eyes to unsuspected excellence in a different order. It is felt that the first quality in Milton is only the second in Hamlet and the Divine Comedy. This quality is language of extraordinary expressiveness and magnificence, apart from any thing extraordinary in the matter. It must be confessed that, in Milton's poetry, we are far less interested by what he says, than by his manner of saying it. Whenever his wonderful march of noble words flags—as it very often does—the chief charm of his poetry is gone; hence there never was another poet of Milton's rank whose poetry could so ill bear the test of translation. Translations of *Paradise Lost*, literal or otherwise, are absolutely unreadable, but the poorest rendering of Shakespeare, Homer, or Dante, provided it is tolerably faithful to the bare meaning of the original, preserves the original interest in its most vital elements. Language, however, in the hands of Milton, is such a power as no other English poet has ever attained to render it. The higher the poetical culture of the reader, the greater must be his astonishment at the superhuman pitch of the "style" steadily maintained through the first two books of "*Paradise Lost*." There is no comparing this part of Milton's poem with the work of any other English poet in this re-

spect. Shakespeare's language is simply the very best clothing of his thoughts and facts, with a view to make them pass for exactly their intrinsic value, and no more; but Milton's is a comparatively independent power, and is meritorious rather as a running commentary of lofty music than as the simply and absolutely veracious expression of "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers." Language, in reaching such a height, becomes itself a substantive quality, and the absence of the *translatable element*, which stands first in all other great poetry, is scarcely felt as a comparative defect. Who, in hearing sung the airs of a great musical composer, thinks much about the words? The musical exposition of the words is every thing. Read with our common colloquial tones and emphases, they may be nothing, or even absurd; but spoken by Mozart or Mendelssohn, they are like the songs of the morning stars. Dr. Johnson says of "*Lycidas*," that "it is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of 'Satyrs and Fauns with cloven heel.'" Not having an ear capable of the ravishing melody of this poem, of which the doctor further says, that "the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers displeasing," he, upon these premises, rightly concludes that the piece is good for nothing: "In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new." He altogether misses, with the music, the grace beyond nature, the truth beyond words, and the bewitching art and novelty, which a delicate ear will detect in every syllable of this elegy.

Milton's strength, therefore, lay, not in the ability to rise, like Dante, to the height of "great arguments," but in that of so uttering matters of no very great moral, intellectual, or passionate depth, that they should have all the poetical effect of such arguments. If, as the poet professes, his chief object was "to justify the ways of God to men," it must be confessed he has done it very ill. No reader, who required new light upon that subject, would find it in "*Paradise Lost*," and far less in "*Paradise Regained*." From a religious point of view, these works are inferior, even poetically speaking, to the "*Pilgrim's Prog-*

ress." Compared with Bunyan's passionate expression of spiritual truth in poetical allegory, Milton's is superficial, cold, and pagan; and in the power of pursuing the idea of humanity beyond the limits of mortality, and bringing hell and heaven home, as it were, to the business and bosoms of men, the English poet will not bear a moment's comparison with the Florentine. Dante's Vision has a strict physiological truth, which endows it with the terrors and graces of an all-important reality. In order to be sublime, he does not put masts for spears into the hands of his fiends, or describe one of them as covering "many a rood" of the sulphurous lake; nor does he owe any of his striking effects to the conversion of an army of giants into an army of pigmies, in order to meet an architectural necessity. In the alternate conversion of the man into the serpent, and of the serpent into the man, in the "Inferno," we are affected, not with an empty wonder, but, on the contrary, with a sense of terrific verisimilitude. Nor is it a mere "allegory" of the aptness of the mind contemplating to change into the thing contemplated, but the representation of a fact possible and "probable to thinking," granted a state of things in which mind and body are more mutually influential than in our present condition. With the "Paradiso" it is the same. The smile of Beatrice is an actual phenomenon, which must remain forever in the heart of every reader of Dante, as one of the brightest points of his *experience*—so astonishing is that poet's power of bringing before mortal eyes "the lights that never were on sea or land."

Milton's prose works confirm our view of what constituted the main element of the poet's power. They are, for the most part, nothing if not oratorical. Few persons know more of Milton's prose than the Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, the opening of which is one of the grandest passages ever penned "in prose or rhyme." This short piece, however, gives a very inadequate notion of these works in general. There is no other such strain of oratory to be found among them. On the other hand there is so great a preponderance of passion over reason, that their comparative oblivion is not to be wondered at. It is a notable fact, that Milton's works on Divorce, did not, as far as we remember, afford a single illustration to the

great debate on the occasion of the recent Act; and we may affirm, from our own acquaintance with these writings—which we have read through—that the Debate in question lost little by honorable members' probable ignorance of them.

Milton's distinguishing quality as a writer being, thus, one of which the imitation was impossible, and the attempt to imitate servile, it follows necessarily that his works influenced cotemporary and succeeding literature and thought to a degree that must seem disproportionately small to those who have not considered the reason of such limitations.

These observations lead us naturally to the statement of the most serious fault we have to find with Mr. Masson's book—a fault which we state at the outset, because we wish to have the less grateful part of our duty over and done with at once, and the way clear for a hearty appreciation of the merits of a really remarkable work. Mr. Masson, then, appears to us to have attempted an impossibility when he undertook to write "The Life of John Milton in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time." There are plenty of precedents for a combination of biography and history, but where these precedents have been successful, it has been always and inevitably in the case of some individual—a king or a minister usually—whose life has been far more vitally and importantly connected with the events of his time, and influential upon its character, than Milton's was. Mr. Masson's own statement of the aim and method of his work runs thus:—

"No portion of our national history has received more abundant or more admirable elucidation than those sixty-six years (1608–1674); but, perhaps, in traversing it again in that mood and with that special bent of inquiry which may be natural where the Biography of Milton is the primary interest, some facts may be seen in a new light, and, at all events, certain orders of facts lying by the sides of the main track may come into notice. As the great poet of the age, Milton may, obviously enough, be taken as the representative of its literary efforts and capabilities; and the general history of its literature may, therefore, be narrated in connection with his life. But, even in the political and ecclesiastical departments, Milton was not standing aloof. He was not the man of action of the party with which he was associated; and the actual and achieved deeds of that party,

whether in war or in council, are not the property of his life; but he was as nearly as any private man in his time, the thinker and idealist of the party—now the expositor and champion of their views, now their instructor and in advance of them; and hence, without encroaching too much on common ground, there are incidents and tendencies of the great Puritan Revolution which illustrate his life especially, and seek illustration from it."

The feasibility of the combination of biography with history thus proposed, would have been much greater had Mr. Masson limited his work to moderate dimensions. But the book—of which the first volume of the three contains nearly eight hundred large octavo pages—constitutes, in fact, a very full and elaborate history of religion, politics, and literature, and a most minute and laborious biography of Milton, which, as far as it goes in the instalment before us, rather tends to surprise us with the statuesque isolation of the great poet, than to justify Mr. Masson in his adoption of this method of relating, "in connection," the history and the biography which were, in reality, so little connected. No doubt, in the subsequent portions of the work, this effect of almost absolute separation between the two elements will disappear, but Mr. Masson's own admission, that Milton was not the man of action of his party, and that his claim to have its history made part and parcel of his "life" is only his "not standing aloof" from political and ecclesiastical affairs, is surely enough of itself to assure us that he cannot succeed in giving a history, almost as extensive as Lord Macaulay's or Mr. Froude's, any very substantial and sustained connection with the poet's biography. Mr. Masson's work is, in fact, two works, which, should he ever feel so disposed, he may sever, and publish apart, with scarcely any difficulties of re-arrangement or recomposition. We repeat, that this artistic defect was inherent inevitably in the method adopted; the want of fusion, so far from being the result of imperfect authorship, is made conspicuous by the writer's integrity, which has refused to represent a connection which did not exist.

Having thus stated our decided objection to the form of Mr. Masson's work, we proceed to speak of those qualities which appear to us to render it, nevertheless, a production which is sure to secure wide and respectful attention, and a sound reputation. The style of the writing is, upon the whole, excellent. It is

not quite even, but its unevennesses are not slovenly, but deliberate, though some readers—probably not the majority—might wish them away. The simple and lucid prose, of which the bulk of the book consists, now and then breaks out into something totally, and, as it strikes us, oddly and incongruously different. These exceptional passages are often skilfully written; indeed, they are clearly the author's most cared-for passages; but they appeal, by their expressly picturesque elaborations and semi-lyrical movement, to a class of feelings removed from those with which one is likely to peruse the surrounding portions of the narrative. Those readers whom Mr. Masson would probably think it best worth while to please, will scarcely require the course of their perusal to be refreshed and enlivened by such interruptions.

The chief merit of the work depends, however, upon the great amount of labor and intelligence which has been expended in rendering it as complete as possible in point of information. The "Life of Milton" is here written once for all. The materials—whatever defect we may find in the form in which they are placed before us—are probably exhausted, and every thing that could in any way illustrate the subject, is brought into contribution, with an industry which, if it errs, does so on the safe side of excess. We are often reminded in this volume of the combined ingenuity and laboriousness which, in Mr. Masson's "Essay on Chatterton," gave us, from the meteorological register of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, if we remember rightly, the very weather of the day on which the young poet made a certain journey on the outside of a coach. This method is, indeed, the pre-Raphaelitism of biography, and has probably never been carried out to a greater extent than in the present work. Not only is every thing immediately related to Milton's life and pedigree investigated with the minutest care, but we have also the lives and pedigrees of all the people Milton ever knew, and even of those with whom there seems to have been a remote likelihood of his having been acquainted. The few trifling facts which have remained on record relating to Milton during his University course, are accompanied by an extremely full, and, in some respects interesting, account of the University during that time. The laborious biographer has obtained access to the college books and regis-

ters, and has given every detail which could chance to add, in any conceivable way, to our knowledge of the poet's "surroundings." We have catalogues and descriptions of all the students who entered Milton's college (Christ's); full accounts of the heads and principal fellows of all the colleges; a minute history of every event occurring in, or in connection with, the University in which the poet could be supposed to have felt interested. Joseph Meade's "casual relation to Milton as one of the Senior Fellows of Christ's College," while the poet was an undergraduate, obtains for him more than a niche—a chapel—in this vast temple raised to the fame of the author of "Paradise Lost." And so forth.

There was, indeed, no reasonable medium between executing the "Life of Milton" in some such manner as this, and making very short work of it indeed. Milton's biography in itself, during the thirty-two years over which this volume extends, is without incident, and his character without passion or fault. He stands, amidst all the variety of person and events described in the work before us, like a Roman statue, with little other interest or character besides its pride and severity. We have, indeed, a good many Latin letters and college speeches, etc., but nature, in each case alike, is overlaid and quenched by a cold and elaborate classicism. We scarcely ever get a sight of the man himself, and when we do, he makes such absolute claims on our good opinion, and cares so little for it, that we are not attracted. From the mighty cable which Mr. Masson has woven about the thin thread of the poet's actual life, let us draw out, as well as we can, the latter.

John Milton, born in Bread Street, London, Dec. 9, 1608, derived his pedigree from "the Oxfordshire Miltons." Beyond this bare fact, nothing is certainly known of his genealogy. Although Mr. Masson has devoted much space and more labor to the investigation and discussion of the subject, he has arrived at nothing beyond a probability as to who was the poet's grandfather. His father was a man of regular education, and of high principles, and solid character. He had, in his youth, abjured the Catholic for the Protestant faith, at the cost of very great sacrifice of personal feelings and advantages. He was a fine musician; and by his profession a "scrivener," a business which was "very much that of a modern attorney, or of an attorney in conjunc-

tion with a law-stationer." He realized a "plentiful estate" by his industry and integrity, so that he was well able, not only to keep his son John, and to give him every advantage of education and foreign travel, long after the age at which most men are getting their living, but also to support, as it seems, his other son, Christopher, after his marriage. An important point is impressed upon us by Mr. Masson, when he reminds us that "the future poet was not only a Londoner, like his predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, but a Londoner of the innermost circle—a child of the very heart of Cockaigne. Bow Church stood at the back of the Spread Eagle"—the scrivener's house—"and so close that, had the famous bells fallen, they might have crushed the infant in his cradle." If, as it has been plausibly said, every man of genius spends his life in teaching what he has learned before he was twenty years old, Milton's early youth and manhood, thus passed exclusively between the city of London and Cambridge, with its poor surrounding country, is enough to account for the remarkable absence of vivid and accurate natural imagery from his poetry. Mr. Masson's description of Bread Street and its neighborhood, in the scrivener's time, is a piece of very genial and effective writing, and a most substantial help to a right conception of the poet's early life. From eleven to sixteen years old, or thereabouts, Milton was a scholar of St. Paul's, under Dr. Gill, a man of much literary taste as well as learning. All these and the preceding years are totally barren of any remaining detail of childish and boyish life. John seems, indeed, to have raised high hopes in his father's mind by his early and steady application to study; but beyond this very dull fact of his having been "a good boy," we know nothing of him individually. He was intended for the church from a very early age, and, with that intention, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February, 1624-5. His career at College is almost as devoid of personal details as his preceding youth. He is said, indeed, upon the authority of a MS. of Aubrey to have been publicly whipped, in accordance with the college discipline of the time, in consequence of a quarrel with his tutor Chappell. But Mr. Masson does his hero the good service of showing that the tradition scarcely deserves the importance and credit given to it by Dr. Johnson. The biographer makes

full use, in this part of the "Life," of Milton's Latin poems, letters, and academic exercises, and he gives spirited translations of most of them; but, as we have said, they contain extremely little of properly personal interest or value, unless, perhaps, we may regard it as curiously characteristic that the young poet should have adopted such a style as the following, in describing to his friend Diodati, his pleasure on beholding the London ladies in their customary promenades:—

"Very often here, as stars breathing forth mild flames, you may see troops of maidens passing by. Ah! how often have I seen the wonders of a worthy form, which might even repair the old age of Jove! Ah! how often have I seen eyes surpassing all gems and whatever lights revolve round either pole; and necks twice whiter than the arms of living Pelops, and than the way which flows tinged with pure nectar; and the exquisite grace of the forehead; and the trembling hair, which cheating Love spreads as his golden nets; and the inviting cheeks, compared with which hyacinthine purple is poor, and the very blush, Adonis, of thy own flower! Yield, ye so often praised heroic daughters of old, and whatever fair mistress fixed the fancy of wandering Jove! Yield, ye Persian girls, with the turbaned brows, and all that dwell in Susa and Memnonian Ninos. Ye, also, nymphs of Greece, bend low your honors," etc.

In none of Milton's early writings do we get nearer to the man's individual life than in the above passage. In his first year at college the child of his sister dies, and he writes, the elegy "On the Death of a Fair Infant dying of a Cough;" but those of our readers who may remember this little piece, will probably agree with us in esteeming it far more fanciful, in the shallower sense of the word, than feeling. We cannot coincide in the high opinion of this piece implied by the biographer, when he exclaims "Think of the youth of seventeen, who could so write, going back into the midst of the Bainbrigges, the Chappells, and the rest of them, to sit beneath them at table, and to be lectured by them in logic and in literature!" Sure we are that the poet himself could never have dreamed that he was wronged in being denied a premature place at the Fellows' table, and an exemption from further academic discipline and doctrine, merely because he knew how to turn a copy of verses better than "the Bainbrigges, the Chappells, and the rest of them."

From a Latin elegy, it appears that the poet experienced his first touch of love at the age of nineteen. The poem is highly characteristic of Milton's mode of feeling, through the medium, as it were, of the classics. "Not yet," he says, "O genial Amathusia, had I known thy laws, and my breast was free from the Paphian fire." He had hitherto laughed at love. "The Cyprian boy could not bear this," and vows that the poet shall himself be a witness of what his right hand can do. "I was on the point of laughing at his threats, nor was I at all in fear of the boy. Anon I am taking my pleasure" in the promenades of the London ladies already referred to in the foregoing extract. "A frequent crowd—in appearance, as it might seem, a crowd of goddesses—is going and coming splendidly along the middle of the ways; and the growing day shines with twofold brightness." One lady he sees pre-eminent above the rest. "Such as she would Venus wish herself to be seen by mortals." "This fair one, mischievous Cupid, remembering his threat, had thrown in my way." "Not far off was the sly god himself lurking, his many arrows and the great weight of his torch hanging from his back." The poet goes on much in the style of the writer of a modern valentine, to relate how unaccustomed pains were felt in his heart. "Meanwhile she who alone pleased me was snatched away from my eyes, never to return."

Never, before or since, was the first love of a poet rendered so utterly uninteresting by his mode of relating it! It is likely enough, however, that this rapid verbiage is the record of a really important incident in Milton's life. How much of the immortal description, by Adam, of the power of female beauty may have been a reminiscence of this the poet's first vision of it! The vision does not seem to have left any serious heartache behind it, for, as Mr. Masson writes, "in the letter to Gill, dated the 20th of the same month, when the recollection of the vanished fair one must have been still vivid, Milton says nothing of the incident, but is rough and rational enough."

In the year 1629, Milton took his B.A. degree, and signed the articles of subscription—an act which would not have been of much significance in the biographies of some men, but one of considerable note in the life of the poet, who was not a man to sign otherwise

than *ex animo*. On or about Christmas-day of the same year, Milton being then twenty-one years old, he wrote the first poem that bore unequivocal promise of his future powers, namely, the ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," a piece which, though deformed by conceits entirely below the dignity of the subject, still deserves Mr. Hallam's commendation of it as probably the most beautiful ode in our language. Mr. Masson attributes to about the same period the composition of the small pieces, "Upon the Circumcision," "On Time," "At a Solemn Music," and "The Passion."

After taking his B.A. degree, Milton kept terms for three years more at Cambridge, and then became Master of Arts. These three years were passed without any recorded incident of interest, beyond his composition of a few comparatively trifling pieces. On taking his M.A. degree, the poet once more subscribed the articles, and so declared his continued adherence to the royal supremacy and the Church of England liturgy and doctrines. At this point Mr. Masson pauses to look back upon the seven years of the poet's university life, and describes the Cambridge of those days in a chapter, which not only materially assists us in appreciating the nature of the influences to which the youth of Milton was subject, but also constitutes a description of much independent interest. It is important that we should remember that "the system of study at Cambridge in Milton's time was very different from what it is at present. The avatar of mathematics had not begun. Newton was not born till ten years after Milton had left Cambridge, *nor was there then, nor for thirty years afterwards, any public chair of mathematics in the university.* Milton's connection with Cambridge, therefore, belongs to the closing age of an older system of education. . . . That which reigned along with philology, or held that place of supremacy by the side of philology, which mathematics has since occupied, was ancient logic or dialectics."

Milton's *prose* works would probably have been very different and far more valuable productions than they are, had his training been that of the approaching Baconian and mathematical era, instead of that of the expiring age of the scholastic logic. In this view, however, we probably differ from Mr. Masson, who appears to see no defect in any thing his hero was or did. What was the poet's own

opinion of scholasticism we gather from Mr. Masson's welcome analyses of the hitherto unnoticed but biographically valuable, "Prolusiones Oratorie," a series of college exercises in rhetoric. "I think," says Milton, speaking of the scholastic philosophy, "there never can have been any place for these studies on Parnassus, unless perhaps some uncultivated nook at the foot of the hill, unlovely, rough, and horrid with brambles and thorns, overgrown with thistles and thick nettles, far removed from the dance and company of the goddesses, producing neither laurel nor flowers, and never reached by the sound of Apollo's lyre." And again, "By these two things I perceive a country to be advanced and adorned—noble speaking and brave action; and this litigious battling of discording opinions seems unable either to qualify for eloquence, or to instruct in prudence or incite to brave deeds."

Of these "Prolusiones," the sixth, maintaining the thesis, "That sportive exercises on occasions are not inconsistent with the studies of philosophy," is, as Mr. Masson says, "by far the most interesting of the essays autobiographically." This piece, which Mr. Masson translates almost at full, gives us valuable insight into the poet's tastes and habits. His often-evinced pleasure in the life of the metropolis, appears here strongly. He speaks of London as "the head of cities, filled, even to repletion, with all delights," and it seems that the severe moralist of "Comus" could reckon language of extreme coarseness as among the allowable modes of mental relaxation. There are words which Mr. Masson will only transcribe in Latin, and others which he does not venture to transfer to his pages at all. Some of the language of this Oration, "it is right that the reader should know, is about as nauseous and obscene as the resources of the Latin Dictionary could well enable one to be." The poet, in this piece, acknowledges to the nick-name of "The Lady," which we know from Aubrey and Wood, was given to him at college. It seems that his beardless face and clear complexion were not the only reasons. "Is it," he asks, "because I never was able to quaff huge tankards lustily, or because I never proved my manhood in the same way as those debauched blackguards? I would they could as easily doff the ass as I can whatever of the woman is in me. But see how absurdly and unreflectingly they have

upbraided me with that which I, on the best of grounds, will turn to my glory."

For what is coarse in this Prolusion, the occasion seems to have been the excuse. "Every year," says Mr. Masson, "there were in the university revelries in which the Latin tongue was ransacked for terms of buffoonery and scurrility, and the classic mythology for its gross anecdotes." It was at one of these carnivals that the oration in question was delivered, and on such an occasion it would probably have been considered "priggish" not to have been improper. We may mention, by the way, that Mr. Masson does useful service in restoring to its original place in this "Prolusion," one of the minor poems, which is printed in the ordinary edition, with the heading, "*at a vacation exercise*," etc., but which has little meaning when unexplained by its prose context.

As the translations from these unknown "Prolusions" occupy a considerable space in Mr. Masson's work, it is right that we should enable our readers to judge for themselves, as far as they can from an extract both of the substance of Milton's writing, and of the style of Mr. Masson's rendering. Here is a passage, in praise of knowledge, which reminds us, by its grave enthusiasm and noble language, of the "Advancement of Learning":—

"What a thing it is to have compassed the whole humor of heaven and its stars; all the motions and vicissitudes of the air, whether it terrifies untaught minds by the august sound of its thunders, or by the blazing hair of its comets, or whether it stiffens into snow or hail, or whether it descends, soft and placid, in rain and dew; then to have thoroughly learned the alternating winds, and all the exhalations and vapors which earth or sea give forth; thereafter to have become skilled in the secret forces of plants and metals, and understanding in the nature, and, if possible, the sensations of animals; further, to have studied the exact structure and medicine of the human body, and finally, the divine *vis* and vigor of the mind; and whether any knowledge reaches us of what are called guardian spirits and genii and demons! There are other infinite things besides, a good part of which might be learned before I could have enumerated them all. So at length, my hearers, when once universal learning has finished its circle, the soul, not content with this darksome prison-house, will reach out far and wide till it shall have filled the world itself, and space beyond that, in the divine exaltation of its magnitude . . . and what ad-

ditional pleasure it is to the mind to wing its way through all the histories and local sites of nations, and to turn to the account of prudence and of morals, the conditions and mutations of kingdoms, states, cities, and peoples! This is, my hearers, to be present as if alive in every age, and to be born as it were coeval with Time itself. I omit that, with which what else is then to be counted equivalent? To be the oracle of many nations; to have one's house a kind of temple; to be such as kings and commonwealths invite to come to them, such as neighbors and foreigners flock to visit, such as to have even once seen shall be boasted of by others as something meritorious—these are the rewards, these the fruits which learning both can and often does secure for her votaries."

Mr. Masson, although he apparently overrates the literary quality of some of these academic exercises, is quite right in affirming that they "possess a singular autobiographic value. They throw light upon much connected with Milton's career at Cambridge; the extent and nature of his reading; his habits and tastes as a student; the relation in which he stood to the university system of his time, and to the new intellectual tendencies which were gradually affecting that system." They also prove, "that Milton passed through two stages in his career at the university—a stage of decided unpopularity, and a subsequent stage, in which his powers were recognized, and he was treated, as he himself states, with quite unusual respect by the authorities, and by all who knew him."

On reaching the period of Milton's departure from the university, in his twenty-fourth year, Mr. Masson pauses to make the inferences that are to be deduced as to his hero's character, from the various data set forth in this biography. The chief fault we have to find with his estimate is, that, although he points out distinctly enough the moral and intellectual pride which so remarkably characterized the poet, he does not remark upon it as an evil. Such, nevertheless, it decidedly was, both in itself, and in its chilling and narrowing effect upon his feelings, his opinions, and his poetry. Mr. Masson justly attaches great importance, as an influence upon the mind and works of the poet, to his eminent adherence to that virtue of which he thus boasts in one of the noblest of his prose passages:—

"Where if I should tell ye what I learned, of chastity and love,—I mean that which is

truly so, whose charming-cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy;—the rest are cheated with a thick, intoxicating potion which a certain sorceress, the abuser of love's name, carries about,—and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, knowledge and virtue, with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your listening. . . . Having had the doctrine of Holy Scriptures unfolding these chaste and high mysteries, with timeliest care infused, that 'the body is for the Lord and the Lord for the body,' thus also I argued it to myself—that, if unchastity in a woman, whom St Paul terms the glory of man, be such a scandal and dishonor, then certainly in man, who is both the image and glory of God, it must, though commonly not so thought, be much more deflowering and dishonorable."—*Apology for Smeectymnuus*.

Mr. Masson, in quoting these words, very truly adds, "Whoever would understand Milton must take the substance of this passage along with him, whether he has cause to like it or not." The above words of Milton possess, however, an importance far beyond their illustrative value. They are the first enunciation, in modern times, of one of the greatest truths which the world has yet to learn. If, as we may safely affirm, the reform of the world and of life must begin when life itself begins, then the first declaration of the true depth of the obligation in point is a document which is of eminent mark in the history of the human spirit.

Mr. Masson proceeds to point out Milton's deficiency in the quality of humor; but he scarcely seems to attach consequence enough to so immense a drawback. After *poetry*, humor is of the greatest importance to the poet. A certain amount of humor may be said to be necessary before a man can be a poet at all; for, unless he has the capacity of "scenting the ridiculous from afar," he will be constantly subject to the perpetration of awkwardness and absurdities quite destructive of poetic effect. Wordsworth is almost ruined, as a poet, by the deficiency in question. How much of that *gawkyness*, with which we can scarcely help associating the otherwise noble idea of this poet, would have melted and vanished under a little of the genial warmth of a humorous perception!

Mr. Masson scarcely lays enough emphasis upon another decidedly unpoetical quality in the character of Milton, namely, the habitual

devotion of his thoughts to self-culture,—moral and intellectual,—in order to the development of that poetic power to which, of all things, such a habit of mind is likely to be most injurious. One of Milton's "fixed ideas," from his early youth, seems to have been the ambition to become a great poet, and, to all appearances, this ambition was the first motive not only of his laborious fulfillment of what he somewhere calls a "circular education"—i.e., one inclusive of all kinds of knowledge—but also of his moral culture. The fact of this predominant ambition and engrossing self-culture is, however, fully recognized by his biographer, in a passage which is a pleasing specimen of his manner of thinking and writing. "As," he writes, "it was Milton's ambition to be, not merely a *poeta* but a *vates*, so, in his case, the regimen prescribed seems to have had the effect anticipated. One can easily see how it should be so. Is it not noted that men, trained too much in the social crowd, are apt, even if originally well endowed, to sink to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavor, to fly near the ground with gross wing themselves, and to regard all flight in others that leaves the ground very far beneath as madness, phantasy, and extravagance? Who so incredulous of heroism, who so impatient of 'high art' as worldly wits? Who so contemptuous of any strain in any department that approaches what can be nicknamed 'the romantic?' It is he, on the other hand, who has kept his soul pure and aloof, that still finds a grander world of realities to move in beyond this world of sense. It is to the pale solitary, stretched by his cave in the desert or the mountain, with his beechen bowl of simple water beside him, or meditating alone in his quiet watch-tower, that Nature whispers her sublimer secrets, and that the lost knowledge of things comes once more in visions and dreams."

As it may be proper to show what we meant when we charged Mr. Masson's style with certain vagaries and incongruities, we append the sentence which succeeds the above: "Did we live as erst did Pythagoras, should there not begin again to resound in our ears, faint at first, but gradually more and more clear and loud, that famous sphere-music of his, to which the orbs do keep time and the young-eyed cherubs do incessantly listen," etc.? Surely these little bits of

"Carlylese" are out of place in a book mainly of good commonplace English, like the "Life of Milton!" The expletive "do" and the figure of the "young-eyed cherubs" might well have been omitted, and "worldly wits" cheated of a sneer.

Milton went to the university, intending to enter the Church; but before taking his final farewell of Cambridge, he had decided against this step. Since, however, in the very hour of that farewell, he had subscribed the Articles, it seems clear, that "what he had in view, when he hesitated to become a clergyman, was, in all probability, less the letter of the Articles to be subscribed, and of the oaths to be taken, than the general condition of the Church at that particular time." What this condition was, Mr. Masson then proceeds to describe, in a very full and able exposition of the ecclesiastical reigns of Williams and Laud. We have no space for even the briefest analysis of this long chapter, but we must make room for a sketch of its hero, as Milton's biographer has drawn him. Mr. Masson's view of the character and career of Laud is one of the best and most original passages in the book, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the style, at once lively and solid, in which the greater portion of the work is written. The notice is thus concluded:—

"And so, what with one means of influence, what with another, Laud, in the year 1632, being then in the sixtieth year of his age, was the dominant spirit in the English Church, and one of the chiefs of the English State. One would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded; much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between. But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him, the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a 'little, low, red-faced man,' bustling by the side of that king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyke air, or pressing his notions with a raspy voice at the council-board, till Weston became peevish and Cottington wickedly solemn, or bowing his head in churches not very gracefully. When we examine what remains of his mind in writings, the estimate is not enhanced. The texture of

his writing is hard, dry, and common; sufficiently clear as to the meaning, and with no inincerity or superfluity, but without sap, radiance, or force. Occasionally, when one of his fundamental topics is touched, a kind of dull heat arises, and one can see that the old man was in earnest. Of any thing like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect, there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius."

The High-Church cause, Mr. Masson goes on to say, has had, since the time of Laud, and has now, much abler adherents. How was it, then, that he rose to his peculiar eminence, "and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition? How was it that his precise personality, and no other, worked its way upwards," and finally attained "to the very top of all, and there fitted itself into the very socket where the joints of things met?" It is not enough to say, *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu*. "A small intellect, once in possession of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and, with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery." In the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, "to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities. Still, that Laud impressed these men, when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents." Mr. Masson acutely suggests, that "a nature does not always or necessarily rise by greatness, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by peculiarity," or, as our author adds, without quite so much lucidity in the image as we could desire, "by proper capillary relation to the element about it." Mr. Masson refers to Lord Macaulay's having spoken of Laud as an "imbecile," and "a ridiculous old bigot," without such decided dissent from these violent expressions as we could have wished, and as justice to British humanity, which permitted the "imbecile" to govern it so absolutely for a time, demanded. He adds, however, that Lord Macaulay "seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force

and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body politic in which he was lodged. . . . He was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. . . . Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others as to the divine right of Prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship. These very few definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to established notions of what was fair, high-minded, and generous." In addition to this grand secret of success, few and definite notions, with incessant perseverance in furthering them, and to that "peculiarity," which made his nature everywhere felt, though not agreeably, Mr. Masson finds in Laud's character "a trembling basis of the fantastic and unearthly." This touch was certainly wanted to complete this fine picture; for, with the exception of the most vulgar mammon-worship, there is no motive strong enough to inspire a life of "incessant perseverance" in any thing, without the existence of some "unearthly" basis.

After perusing Mr. Masson's exposition of the practical condition of the English Establishment under the despotism of Laud, no reader will have any difficulty "in seeing why Milton changed his resolution of entering the Church of England," although, up to this time, his theological views do not appear to have diverged from her doctrines. "To the Church, as it was governed by Laud, and as it seemed likely to be governed by Laud or others for many years to come, it was impossible for him honestly to belong!" although, as his biographer liberally admits, "there were other pure and fine spirits of that day, who were positively attracted into the Church by that which repelled him from its doors."

For some time Milton seems to have been undecided as to his future course. He appears to have thought seriously of the law,

but ended by obtaining his father's consent to a continuation of his literary studies, without reference to any professional object, beyond that of general authorship. Writing nine years afterwards concerning his own position at this period of leaving college, he says, "It was found, that whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or be taken to of my own choice, in English or any other tongue, *prosing or versing*, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." This confident judgment was founded almost entirely upon the pieces we have named in this sketch, the Ode and Hymn, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," being by very much his most important production up to this date (1632), at which none of the more famous minor poems, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Allegro* or *Penseroso*, had been conceived. It seems, from the Latin poem, "Ad Patrem," that Milton's decision in favor of a life of literary leisure, was not taken without some opposition on the part of him by whose consent and help the young poet could alone be enabled to carry out these wishes.

In a "Survey of English Literature," which approaches in bulk to an entire number of this Review, and during which Milton's name is not once mentioned, his biographer describes, with much ability, "the element on which he was determined to embark." The criticism in this "Survey" is generally good; but, in particular cases, justice is not done. Mr. Masson seems to have taken the poetry of Spencer and Keats as the standards of poetic style, and seems to have little real sympathy with poetry that widely departs—as much of the best poetry in the language does—from these models. Crashawe and Herrick are very slightly, if not slightly, treated; and yet, in these writers, poetic perception and expression exist, within the somewhat limited field of their operation, in a perfection scarcely paralleled in the writings of any other English poets. Again, Mr. Masson sees little in George Herbert beyond a poetic affection for church formalism; and, in his disquisition on Habington's "Castara," he gives that trashy poem a detailed consideration, which he has not awarded to poems of incomparably higher claims. Again, in quoting a poem, of which Mr. Masson says, "this, we believe, exhibits Donne at about his best," he omits, if we remember rightly, the one

really good passage in the piece (which never seemed to us to be one of Donne's best), namely, the lines in which the poet says, that if the reader is not in "more haste to arrive in heaven, because the lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, whose death is celebrated, is there before him,—

"He doth not know
That accidental joys in heaven do grow."

But, after making these and a few other such deductions from the value of this "Survey," we willingly commend it as, upon the whole, a forcible and instructive piece of criticism. It is also one which has so much unity and sufficiency in itself, together with an extent so much greater than was necessary in a "Life of Milton," that it might well have stood as a separate treatise.

Adopting the dynastic style, Mr. Masson bids us remark that the year 1632—that of Milton's resolve to devote himself to literature—was "the thirteenth year of the laureateship of Ben Jonson." This unwidely wit is, of course, the central figure of Mr. Masson's picture of the literature of the time, and we do not remember to have read anywhere an account of him at once so genial and so judicious.

On leaving Cambridge, Milton returned to his father's house, and there spent what were probably the five happiest and most profitable years of his life. In his own words: "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new in mathematics or in music, in which sciences I then delighted. Having passed five years in this manner, after my mother's death, I, being desirous of seeing foreign lands, especially Italy, went abroad." (*Defensio Secunda*, quoted by Mr. Masson.) This country residence was at Horton, near Colnbrook, Buckinghamshire. Mr. Masson's account of Horton is of great interest and value in reference to Milton's poetry. It goes far to explain the limited reach of his descriptions of external nature. We have seen that he was born and bred a Cockney. During all those years in which the perceptions of outward things come with a photographic acuteness, Milton was shut up in London, or

surrounded by the dull fields about Cambridge, and now, when, in his twenty-fourth year, the poet went to reside in any thing that deserved the name of "country," it was among scenery of the very quiet English sort, which Mr. Masson thus pleasingly describes from personal visitation:—

"Around the village, and indeed over the whole parish and the adjacent parts of this angle of Bucks, the land is of the kind so characteristic of England—the rich, teeming, verdurous flats, charming by its appearance of plenty, and by the goodly show of wood along the fields and pastures, in the nooks where the houses nestle, and everywhere, in all directions, to the sky-bound verge of the landscape. The beech, which is nowhere finer than in some parts of the Chiltern Hundreds, is not so common in this part. One sees a good many ugly pollards among the streams; but there are elms, alders, poplars, and cedars; there is no lack of shrubbery and hedging; and in the spring, the orchards are all abloom with white and pink for miles round. What strikes one most, in walking about the neighborhood, is the canal-like abundance and distribution of water. There are rivulets brimming through the meadows among rushes and water plants; and by the very sides of the ways, in lieu of ditches, there are slow runnels in which one can see the minnows swimming. Most of these streamlets and runnels are connected with the Colne, which river, having separated itself into several channels in a higher part of its course, near Uxbridge, continues for a good many miles to divide Bucks from Middlesex, by one or other of these channels, on their way to the Thames. The chief branch of the river, after flowing through Colnbrook, to which it gives its name, passes close by Horton. It is a darkish stream, frequently, like its sister branches flooding the lands along its course, which are accordingly kept in pasture. Close to Horton the Colne drives several mills. There are excellent wheat-fields and bean-fields in the neighborhood, but the greater proportion of the land is in grass; and in Milton's time the proportion of meadow to land under plough must have been much greater. On the whole, without taking into account the vicinity of other scenes of beauty and interest—including nothing less than royal Windsor itself, the towers and battlements of which govern the whole landscape—Horton was, and might still be, a most pleasant place of rural retirement, either after London or after Cambridge. One could lie under elm-trees on a lawn, or saunter in meadows by the side of a stream, or watch a mill-wheel going, from a rustic bridge, or walk along quiet roads well hedged, or deviate

into paths leading by farm-yards and orchards, and through pastures for horses, cows, and sheep. The occupations of the place were wholly agricultural; nor, indeed, was there any thing of the nature of manufactures at that time in the whole county of Buckingham."

The house of the Milton family at Horton is no longer in existence, nor is even its exact site known. At this house, and during the first two years and a half of Milton's residence in it, were composed the Sonnet to the Nightingale, the Allegro and Penseroso, Arcades, and Comus. These poems are successively examined by Mr. Masson, as he says "not so much critically as biographically." These "examinations" are decidedly the least valuable portion of Mr. Masson's work. The bulk of the poems, which every one who reads the "Life of Milton" will probably know by heart, is transferred bodily to Mr. Masson's pages, accompanied by reflections which strike us as being often commonplace and superfluous. The book would have been quite big enough without these long quotations and analyses, where analysis brings nothing to light. What instruction can Mr. Masson suppose will be conveyed to the class of readers to whom he appeals by page after page of such matter as: "In the Allegro the poet bids melancholy begone, and invokes mirth, or Euphrosyne, the daughter of Bacchus and Venus, or rather of Zephyr and Aurora. Let her come attended by Jest and Jollity, Sport and Laughter; let her come dancing and leading forth with her the mountain nymph Liberty." Then follows a quotation of forty lines, which we all know as well as the multiplication table. After that comes a piece of paraphrase as above, and then another quotation. And so on. Mixed, however, with such matter as this, are passages which the reader cannot afford to skip. For example—"In the morning scene in the *Allegro*, nearly all the details of the landscape are such as Horton would furnish to this day; and, though other localities in Southern England would furnish most of them quite as well, one or two might be claimed by Horton as not so common. The 'towers and battlements' are almost evidently Windsor Castle; and a characteristic sound at Horton to this day, we are told, is that of 'the hounds and horn' from Windsor Park, when the royal huntsmen are out."

Again, the notice on the nature of the old "Masques," with which Mr. Masson introduces his examination of Comus and Arcades, although much fuller than the necessities of the case required, is very interesting reading, and will help many to an understanding of the great and usually overlooked differences between the conditions of a "Masque," and those of a regular drama.

Concerning Lycidas, also, Mr. Masson justly remarks—"Perhaps the most interesting circumstance respecting the poem biographically, is, that Milton, in writing it, was led by an obvious suggestion of his theme to give vent to a feeling respecting the state of the Church and the nation, of which his mind at any rate was full."

At this point our author once more diverges into history, and, for a long space, we find ourselves too much engrossed with Laud and "Thorough," and the state of the English Establishment and the Scotch Kirk, to think of Milton and his somewhat monotonous affairs. Masson treats his old friends, the Puritans, with an historic impartiality, which will displease some on this side of the Tweed. As, however, this part of the work, though, in all that relates, as the bulk of it does, to the Scottish Kirk, singularly disconnected with the life and interests of the English poet, is that which most nearly interests a considerable portion of our readers, we present them with a short analysis of the section headed "Scotland from 1632 to 1638."

The policy of "Thorough," the attempt to impose an external uniformity upon the worship of the Three Kingdoms, in Scotland alone was destined to "have its edge blunted by cutting against the solid bone." In 1632 the population of Scotland was under a million, "four-fifths being English-speaking Lowlanders who had been Calvinized and Presbyterianized by Knox and his disciples; and the remaining fifth, consisting of wild gaelic-speaking Highlanders, into whose fastnesses theology had hardly penetrated." The ecclesiastical government was "a superficial apparatus of Episcopal forms," the worship being, however, without a liturgy, and, in the main, according to the plain Genevan model. Calvinistic theology, and what Mr. Masson calls "the Puritan doctrine of the Sabbath," were then, as now, the fundamental distinctions of the Scottish Kirk, as compared with Anglicanism. The Scottish bishops did not repre-

sent the convictions of the people, to the majority of whom Prelacy itself was an offence. "Here was a field for the activity of Laud." To extirpate the spirit of Knox; to substitute the "beauty of holiness"—by which Laud meant the Anglican ceremonial—for the meagre external of Scottish worship, to mitigate its Calvinism and Sabbatarianism, had been his long-cherished ambition, and the coronation visit of Charles to Scotland seemed a fitting opportunity for the execution of his plans. No time was lost by the King in indicating his anti-presbyterian views with regard to the ecclesiastical government of this part of his empire. The coronation ceremony was arranged by Laud, with accompaniments of altar, unlighted candles, and crucifix; and the Archbishop of Glasgow, not being robed on the occasion as became Laud's views of Episcopal propriety, was, in the hour of the coronation, actually thrust aside from the conspicuous part he had to play in it, by the insolent English prelate. On the Sunday following, the Bishop of Moray preached before the King in a surplice, "a thing which had never been seen in St. Giles' Church since the Reformation;" and, from these and other signs "people began to fear an intended in-bringing of Popery through the agency of the Scotch bishops themselves." A very full "Convention of Estates" met while Charles was in Edinburgh, and the "Lords of the Articles," or the Committee which prepared the acts and ordinances of the Parliament, submitted a vast number of acts to the vote of the Convention assembled, in the presence of the King, on the 28th of June, 1633. On two only a difference arose, namely, one entitled "Anent his Majesty's Prerogative and the Apparel of Kirkmen," and another entitled "Ratification of Acts touching Religion." Explanations were called for, and his Majesty was asked whether, in the first he "intended the surplice." His only reply was—"Gentlemen, I have all your names here (in a paper which he took from his pocket), and I'll know who will do me service, and who not, this day. The opposition, headed by John Leslie, Earl of Rothes, though strong, were unable to carry their points, and the Acts were passed by the Estates. The dissentients were the objects of Charles' marked disfavor during the rest of his visit, and he and Laud returned to London, leaving a general feeling that they had formed plans for the total ex-

tirpation of the last relics of national Presbyterianism. In the October following, two official letters on ecclesiastical affairs reached Scotland from the English court, the first directing the adoption, in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, of the English Liturgy, pending the production of a Liturgy for Scotland; the Dean of the chapel was commanded to preach and read prayers "in his whites:" the sacrament was to be administered once a month, the communicants kneeling; and the Lords of the Privy Council, the Lords of Session, the Writers to the Signet, and all other official persons in Edinburgh were enjoined to communicate in the Chapel Royal at least once a year, on pain of being reported to the King. The second letter contained full instructions for the "High Church" apparelling of the clergy "in all public places." Laud's policy was further supported by serious modifications of the Scotch Privy Council, of which he became himself a member, and obtained the introduction, as members, of nine of the Scottish prelates. Constant communications were kept up between the Privy Council and Laud, and from him "in reality every important order, respecting Scotch ecclesiastical affairs, emanated."

We have no space to follow Mr. Masson in his analysis of the elements of the Presbyterian opposition preparing among the higher classes of Scotland, to the Book of Canons and the Service-Book, which were being concocted by the English Archbishop,—as ignorant of Scotland of as Kamschatka, but trying to govern it ecclesiastically through the sixpenny post." The Book of Canons, established by royal decree May 23, 1635, "was received in Scotland with a kind of dumb amazement." These Canons asserted the absolute prerogative of the king; General Assemblies were only to meet by royal authorization; "private meetings of the clergy for the exposition of Scripture were strictly prohibited;" the forthcoming Service-Book was to be the sole rule of public worship; no prayers not found therein were to be used; the people were to kneel at the sacrament; and so forth. "The total impression was that the Canons imposed a system of doctrine and discipline, all the differences of which, as compared with the English system, were differences towards Popery." The Service-Book did not follow the Canons for a year and a half. It was not until December 20, 1636,

that the Scotch Privy Council proclaimed it, and again not until May 1637, that copies were actually in circulation. In the face of the opinion of all classes that the book was "little better than the mass," the Privy Council ordered all parish ministers to procure and adhere to it under pain of outlawry; and it was fixed that, on Sunday, July 28, "there should be a grand preliminary reading in the churches of Edinburgh and the parts adjacent."

"What occurred in Edinburgh on that memorable Sunday is known to all the world. In St. Giles' Cathedral, in the midst of prelates, lords, and magistrates, Jenny Geddes hurls her stool at the bishop's head, and, backed by the wilder element in the congregation, breaks up the service in uproar and riven benches. In the other kirks there is as little success; the whole city is in riot; and the bishops and privy councillors are hooted through the streets and have to run for their lives. . . . The magistrates of Edinburgh and the privy council did their best, by proclamations and the like, to restore order, and give the service book a second Sunday's chance; but it was found to be impossible."

The tumult extended throughout the kingdom. Even among the bishops, only three endeavored to establish it in their cathedrals, and these found the greatest difficulty in getting ministers to read it. The leading men among the Presbyterians trusted, at first, to what might naturally have been expected to be the effect at court, of the news of the popular failure of the Service-Book, but, finding the purpose of the court remained unshaken, and that the directions to the privy council were for prosecuting the matter, "the nobles, the lesser barons, the burghs, and the whole body of the ministers began to bestir themselves." Petitions were simultaneously brought up to the council in Edinburgh by twenty nobles, many barons, a hundred ministers, fourteen burghs, and one hundred and sixty-eight parishes, and these were combined into one general "supplicate" for presentation to the king. The supplicants then dispersed, but were, within less than a month, summoned again to the metropolis by expresses from Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, on the rumor of some forthcoming *coup d'état* of the king. The rumor was not unfounded. The royal reply to the "supplicate" was issued in the form of three proclamations at the cross of Edinburgh, the first dissolving the council "so far as religion was concerned," thus

rendering it incapable of entertaining petitions on that subject, and commanding all non-residents to withdraw from Edinburgh within twenty-four hours; the second, adjourning the council to Linlithgow; and the third, condemning Gillespie's book "against the English-Popish ceremonies." Instead of obeying, the supplicants met and drew up a complaint against the bishops of the council, "which involved a rejection not only of the Liturgy, but of the Book of Canons," and they compelled the council to receive it, and to promise further communications upon the subject with the court. Wherever the council adjourned, the Presbyterian opposition, which was thoroughly organized, besieged it with petitions. Certain lay members of the council remonstrated on the needless danger incurred, and suggested that the supplicants should commit the conduct of their cause to commissioners selected from themselves. Four committees, called "the Tables," were accordingly appointed, one of which was supreme and permanent in Edinburgh. "No sign, however, of any intention to abandon the Service-Book. Moreover, the movement is now so wide and deep that such a concession would be of no use. The Book of Canons, the High Commission, the Five Articles, Prelacy itself,—all must go. Virtually, the whole nation has pledged itself to that effect." "The privy council is but a little raft of prelates and lay officials, floating about without anchorage on a popular sea, several of the lay officials in close alliance with the popular chiefs." A proclamation is read at the cross of Stirling,—"the ultimatum of the King and Laud on the Scotch question," and there and at Edinburgh a rebellious protest is posted by the side of the proclamation, which orders all loyal subjects to their homes, forbidding "all such convocations and meetings in time coming under pain of treason." The Tables and all the Presbyterian powers are summoned to Edinburgh.

"What then is to be done? Into the middle of the men counselling together at the Tables, the right thought descends as a national inspiration. Several times before, in Scottish History, the whole nation had taken a solemn bath or covenant, to stand or fall together in the cause of true religion, or of the Scottish version of it; and now what so fitting as to renew this national covenant in a form adapted to the immediate emergency?"

Such was the inauguration of the "National

League and Covenant," Mr. Masson's account of which has lost much in our abbreviation of it.

Contemporaneously with these Scotch affairs, Hampden and ship-money were agitating England; but Milton was quietly arranging for a journey on the continent, which had long been eagerly desired by him, and to which at last he had procured his father's consent. Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, writes the young poet an interesting letter of compliment and advice on the occasion of his departure. From this epistle it appears that at least one person was then living who could anticipate the verdict of time upon Milton's early productions. Writing of *Comus*, he says, "I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." Milton saw his father comfortably cared for at Horton by his youngest son, Christopher, and his wife, and set out, with one man-servant, for the continent, at that time the scene of the "thirty years' war." We will not follow Mr. Masson in his exposition of the condition of the European politics of the period; for they do not seem to have influenced or been influenced by the young English poet in any appreciable degree. Milton abode a few days in Paris, where he visited Grotius, by the introduction of Lord Scudamore, the only fact which is recorded concerning the stay of the author of *Paradise Lost* in the French capital. Wood, however, undertakes to say that he "soon left Paris, the manners and genius of that place being not agreeable to his mind." In the absence of any thing better to the purpose, Mr. Masson gives us a certain amount of miscellaneous "French and Parisian gossip," which, he says, "may have the interest of synchronism in connection with Milton's continental journey." We have next the bare fact of the poet's arrival in Italy; and Mr. Masson takes occasion by it to present us with a tolerably full account of the material and intellectual condition of the country at that time. Milton's course is traced from Nice, through Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, to Florence, nothing further whatever being recorded of the transit. In Florence he remains two months. "There immediately," he writes, "I contracted the acquaintance of many truly noble and learned men, whose

private academies also I assiduously attended." Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Buonmattei, Chimentelli, Francini, and Antonio Malatesti, are mentioned by the poet himself, as having been of the number of his Florentine friends. Concerning each of these personages Mr. Masson tells us all that he has been able to discover. Milton was not merely a visitor and listener, in his attendance at those "private academies," which formed so marked a feature in the literary society of the time in Italy. He repeated or read compositions of his own, probably in Latin, and won extravagant praises from his listeners. Mr. Masson gives translations of an Italian ode by Francini, and of a Latin letter by Carlo Dati, in laudation of "Giovanni Milton." Besides these and many other written encomiums, by various learned persons, Malatesti dedicated a series of sonnets to him. Of all the acquaintances made by the poet in his Italian journey, the most interesting was that which he himself mentions as having been made in Florence: "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking, in astronomy, otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." Mr. Masson's comment upon this mention by Milton of his visit is characteristic of the genial way in which he often partially supplies, by imaginative reflection, the absence of recorded information.

From Florence, Milton proceeded by way of Siena, to Rome, where he remained two months. From what the poet himself has said, it is to be inferred that his chief interest and occupation were "the antiquities;" but, as Rome was then in a condition of great literary activity, under the patronage of Urban VIII. and his cardinals—the recorded names of cotemporary Roman writers in 1632 being no fewer than four hundred and fifty—Milton must have found plenty of modern interest besides. There were from fifteen to twenty literary academies in Rome at this period; but "there is no evidence that Milton entered into such intimate relations with the social world of Rome as he had formed with that of Florence." Among the principal friends Milton made here, was Lucas Holsten, a German of great learning, who was librarian in the Vatican, and had edited various Greek authors. It was at a concert given by Cardinal Francesco Barberini, to whom Holsten was

secretary, that Milton is presumed, by Mr. Masson, to have first seen and heard the singing of Leonora Baroni, "the Grisi or Jenny Lind of her age." This lady, with her mother Adriana Baroni, and her sister Catherine, "made such a musical triad as moved Italy to very madness wherever they went." They seem to have been beautiful, highly accomplished, and of excellent character; and the deep impression made by Leonora upon Milton is recorded by him in three short but enthusiastic poems in Latin.

From Rome Milton went to Naples, where he immediately formed the acquaintance of Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had been the intimate friend of Tasso and Marini. Manso, then in his seventy-eighth year, showed Milton cordial attention, and the poet himself tells us,—"He excused himself to me that, though he wished exceedingly to have shown me much greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city, because I would not be more close in the matter of religion."

From Naples Milton had intended to prosecute his journey further, "but while I was desirous," he says, "to cross into Sicily and Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England called me back; for I considered it disgraceful that, while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." This "sad news" was, as Mr. Masson observes, "an exaggeration in form, though not in fact." The Scotch Covenanted movement, which we have given in outline, had arrived at an alarming height; the king, after repeated concessions, which were too late to allay the ferment, had consented to the meeting of a General Assembly at Glasgow. This legal meeting soon went to illegal lengths; was dissolved by royal proclamation; but rebelliously continued its sittings notwithstanding, "deposing the bishops, tearing down every branch and rooting up every stump of Episcopacy." These events, translated at Rome by the voice of rumor, were civil war; and accordingly Milton feels patriotically moved to write Manso a farewell copy of hexameters, full of "Phœbus," "Mercury," "Jupiter," "Æolian Homer," "Wintry Bootes," "Paphian myrtle," and the like; to which Manso replies by a gift of two silver cups and an elegiac couplet, thus translated:—

"Mind, form, grace, face, and morals are perfect:
if but thy creed were,

Then not 'Anglic alone, truly angelic thou'dst be."

From this and other hints we gather that Milton had exceeded the bounds of worldly prudence in his mode of speaking of his religion where it was regarded as a culpable heresy. In one of his later productions, speaking of this continental visit, he writes:—

"When I was about to return to Rome, the merchants [at Naples] warned me that they had learnt by letters that snares were being laid for me by the English Jesuits, if I should return to Rome, on the ground that I had spoken too freely concerning religion. For I had made this resolution with myself—not, indeed, of my own accord to introduce in these places conversation about religion, but, if interrogated respecting the faith, then, whatever I should suffer to dissemble nothing. To Rome, therefore, I did return, notwithstanding what I had been told; what I was, if any one asked, I concealed from no one; if any one, in the very city of the Pope, attacked the orthodox religion, I, as before, for a second space of nearly two months defended it most freely."

This hint is all we know of Milton's second stay in Rome, on his way to England. Two months more were spent in Florence, including a visit of a few days to Lucca. Thence he passed through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice. At Bologna he seems to have met with some lady, by whom, if we may judge from the alteration she produced in the style of his Latin compositions, he must have been, for the time at least, deeply affected. Five sonnets and a canzone, to or concerning this lady, seem to us to indicate an unusual degree of unaffected feeling, and a consequent freedom from the mythological imagery with which his preceding Latin compositions are overloaded. We quote Mr. Masson's translation of the last of these pieces, not because it best illustrates the above praise, but because it is biographically interesting as an additional proof of the early development of that proud consciousness of superior merit which was at once the poet's strength and weakness:—

"Young, gentle, loving simply, since I am in doubt to fly from myself, to thee, lady, let me offer devoutly the humble gift of my heart! I know it certainly by many proofs to be faithful, intrepid, constant; in its conceptions graceful; wise and good. When the great world roars, and the thunder strikes, it arms itself with itself, and with solid adamant, as secure from doubt and envy, and

from vulgar fears and hopes, as it is loving of genius and high worth, of the sounding harp and of the muses. In that part alone will you find it less hard where Love has planted his cureless sting."

Mr. Masson communicates no information as to who the lady was whom these poems concerned; but he rejects Warton's opinion, that she was the singer Leonora.

On his way home, Milton stayed a week in Geneva, at that time the residence of Frederick Spanheim, Theodore Tronchin, Alexander More, Giovanni Diodati, and other men of note in connection with Continental Protestantism. Thence he passed once more through Paris, and reached England after an absence of a year and three months, in July or August 1639, with the boast in his heart which he afterwards worded thus: "I take God to witness, that in all these places, where so

many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

At this point Mr. Masson concludes his remarkable volume, from which we think we can safely say that, in this article, we have presented our readers with nearly every thing that directly concerns the "Life of Milton." We repeat our opinion, that the "Life" ought to have constituted one work, and the "Times" another; but, with this deduction from the constructive perfection of the first instalment of Mr. Masson's book, we may give it our hearty welcome as one of the most laboriously, and, upon the whole, judiciously, written works of its class which have been issued in recent years.

"QUICKSILVER IN THE BACK OF A SWORD."

—There once existed before and up to the time of the Revolution (1688) a company entitled "the Hollow Sword Blade Company," which was chartered for the *professed* purpose of making swords of the construction to which he refers. I say *professed*,—for while it is uncertain whether these hollow sword blades (with running mercury enclosed to gravitate to the point when a blow was struck, and so increase the weight and momentum of the stroke) were ever adopted into actual warfare, it is certain that "the Hollow Sword Blade Company" ultimately resolved itself into a great land-purchasing company, and invested large sums in the purchase of the Irish forfeited estates, as sold at Chichester House, Dublin, in the years 1703-4. These were resold again to different purchasers, and I know many estates in Ireland resting on what is called "the Hollow Sword Blade Title;" namely, a repurchase from this company as its original.

P.S. As to Henry More's application of the idea, it is evidently this: that when an error or mistake is supposed to be consecrated as a religious truth, or as the result of a hidden divine influence, it becomes thereby greatly more dangerous and mischievous in its results.

This probably refers to an old device intended to make a sword-cut tell heavily. A weight was made to "run," or slide, from the heel of the blade to the point, and *vice versa*. In some cases this was of iron (when it was called

a "steel-apple"), and ran on a rod at the back of the blade; in others it was proposed to place a hollow tube at the back of the blade, and let quicksilver "run" in it. The weight was thus thrown towards the point of the blade in striking. S. C. must understand the word "running," to have the force of "fluid capable of running," and not in the sense of the participle of the verb active "to run."

Sir W. Scott, I think, tells a story of a Highland gentleman who eloped with his mistress, but was pursued and overtaken by her relations. He placed her behind him, and defended himself sword in hand; but the steel-apple of his weapon struck the lady on the head, and killed her. It would seem from this that swords of the above pattern really were made and used in former days.—*Notes and Queries*.

A Physician's Vacation; or, A Summer in Europe. By Walter Channing. Boston. 1856.

This volume records the impressions derived by the author from a tour in Europe in the year 1852. The book is genially and well written, and is marked by a candid and thoughtful spirit. The limits of Dr. Channing's European rambles were London in the West and Moscow in the East. We can recommend his impressions as entertaining and instructive reading.—*Economist*.

CHAPTER IX.—TRANQUIL VALE.

"Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A rural mansion stood."

ELLEN, meanwhile, was viewing with delight the gay tokens of advancing autumn in Kent, where the trees, though shedding stray leaves, were yet well clothed, and the weather was delightful. She and the children took so much exercise, morning and afternoon, that they returned in a glow, and did not dream of being cold. Late in the evening, however, when the glow had passed off, and the house was shut up, Ellen was not sorry to have a bright little wood fire.

Sometimes in her walks, while the young ones were busy gathering nuts and blackberries, she strayed slowly along, thinking of the picturesque lives of the three men in Epping Forest; or of charming Guli Springett and Thomas Ellwood, who might never, she suspected, have joined the Quakers but for her fascination. Then she thought, supposing the cause to be a righteous one, how far may a woman's influence be innocently exerted?—and again, how was Ellwood's disrespectful conduct to his father to be regarded? Was it resolution, or was it obstinacy? Resolution in a good cause is obstinacy in a bad one.

She was now deep in the earlier part of Southey's *Life of John Wesley*; and was reading, with profound interest, the account of that comical ghost called by them Geoffrey, who disturbed the Wesley family so much by his unaccountable noises. Unaccounted for rather than unaccountable; she believed the whole affair to have been got up by some mischievous person or persons, probably in league with one of the servants, who played upon the credulity of the simple-hearted family. She closed the book and went to bed. It had kept her up rather later than usual; and Mrs. Quain and Kitty were not sorry to hear her go up-stairs. She went to bed and to sleep, without dreaming of ghosts; and, after some hours, apparently of rest, was awake by what seemed the low grumble of voices in the next room. She listened, and then heard something dragged heavily along the floor.

Now, the next room was Mr. Meeke's; and, under Mr. Meeke's bed, was his plate-chest,

which, it would seem, was being slowly dragged out. Ellen hastily arose, slipped on her dress, seized an umbrella, and cautiously opened the door between the two rooms.

She had covered her night-light, so that she stood unnoticed in the dark. On a table near Mr. Meeke's bedroom window, which was wide open, stood a dark lantern; by the rays of which a man inside the window was raising the plate-chest to the window-ledge, where another man, standing outside on a ladder, was waiting to receive it. The lantern-light fell full on the man outside, so that Ellen, looking fixedly at him, was certain she should know him anywhere again. The other had his back to her, and his face was in shade.

"Now then, Pharaoh, king of Egypt," muttered he, "heave it up, and be off, and I'll step back for the lantern."

"Hold hard—I haven't got it," said the other, and, at the same instant, his eye fell on Ellen. She instantly saw she was discovered, and, without giving him time to profit by it, she darted forward and gave the man who was just preparing to pass his leg over the window-sill, such a well-directed *poke* in the back with her umbrella, that he instantly pitched out head over heels, giving her a frightful look of rage and terror, which she thought would stick by her for life. An awful crash on the gravel beneath was next heard, and, terrified as she was at the results of her own work, she thought there was no use in doing things by halves, and therefore, taking hold of the ladder, sent it after them. Then she looked out, and dimly made out a dark mass below; but a stone flung at her by a vengeful hand so nearly hit her in the eye, that she hastily retreated, and, running out to the landing-place, seized the strong crimson cord of the dinner-bell, and began ringing a continuous peal. This bell, which swung beneath a little pent-house on the roof, was excellent for alarming a neighborhood at midnight, though hitherto best known by the somewhat contemptuous title of the "Squire's mutton-chop bell." However, it was clear that the squire could not be ringing for mutton-chops at that time of night, even had he been at home: therefore, many a clownish head was unwillingly raised from its pillow, to consider what that there bell might mean; and a few clownish bodies proceeded further—

more to dress and turn out into the darkness, to ascertain the nature of this alarm.

Meanwhile, the children had sprung in terror from their beds, and were clustering round Ellen, crying and sobbing, while Mrs. Quain and Kitty, one as white as ashes, the other as red as a peony, were flying to the rescue.

Mrs. Quain, on learning the nature of the alarm, cried, "Oh, the wretches!" and flew to the open window. Down below lay the ladder and the chest; but the rogues were off. Scared, no doubt, by the bell, they had limped away together.

A great confusion of tongues ensued: Ellen was excited, the children were excited, Mrs. Quain and Kitty were excited. Ellen rapidly told her story, and then went on ringing; while Mrs. Quain and Kitty peered into one room after another, declaring they were afraid to go down-stairs. All this while it should be mentioned, Neptune was barking tremendously; and had done so all along; but he so continually barked at a rat, or what people called a rat because they did not know what else he *could* be barking at, that, like Cassandra, his warnings were in vain. All at once, a great knocking was heard at the front door. Mrs. Quain immediately began to tremble like a leaf: Kitty flew at the bell, and was going to ring it frantically, when Ellen stopped her and said, "It may be somebody come to help us—we must hear what they have to say."

To the window proceeded the whole *posse comitatis*; and Ellen boldly cried out,—

"Who's there?"

"Who's there?—Why, Farmer Brett and his son Dick," cried a rough voice. "We want to know what in the world you mean by ringing us up out of our warm beds. Why, I should think they must ha' heard ye at Tunbridge Wells."

"The house has been broken into," responded Ellen; "and Mr. Meeke's plate-chest has been carried off by the robbers."

"Oh, that's a different thing," said the farmer, very seriously. "Halloo! I've a' near broke my shins over a big box down here under the window."

"Yes, that's it—I frightened them away, before they could carry it off. Please, bring it in: we'll come down and open the door."

"Hum! you're a girl with your wits about you," muttered the farmer. "Give us a hand, Dick."

"Here's a ladder, father," says Dick, tripping over it, and taking a flying leap to escape falling.

As soon as Mrs. Quain, closely followed by all the others, had opened the house-door, the two men brought in the heavy chest, and set it down with no small triumph. Next they brought in the ladder, which they examined curiously, thinking it might be a clue to the thieves.

"Hey, why it's ourn!" exclaimed Dick, with surprise and disgust—"Here's the third rung I broke yesterday and spliced with a piece of cord! You mind it, father?"

"Surely," replied Farmer Brett. "Well, to be sure, one *does* come from home to learn news! We shall carry back more than we brought out. I should like to give the lad as meddled with this a good leathering. I suppose, miss, you didn't see enough of either of 'em to know 'em again?"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Ellen, quickly. "The man that fell out of the window had great, glaring eyes, and had lost a front tooth; the other, who was standing on the ladder, had a long, narrow, yellow, gypsy-looking face; very bright, black eyes, and coal-black hair. The other called him King Pharaoh."

"Well, it seems to me a detective may spell something out of that," said Farmer Brett. "Here comes some more to see what the noise was about."

Half a dozen laboring men came up to the house, and having been told what had happened, undertook to look the ground about the house well over in search of the thieves. Farmer Brett shook his head when they were gone, and said the men had had plenty of time to clear off, unless, indeed, they should be too much hurt. Ellen had a queer feeling now and then, when she thought she might have disabled a couple of strong men: however, it was in self-defence and defence of the property; they were committing a grievous crime, and must abide by the consequences; she had not cooled upon it yet. Farmer Brett consented that Dick should sit up in the kitchen to guard the house; and the children and servants, being somewhat reassured by this arrangement, returned to bed and were soon asleep. Ellen lay down but could not sleep; as soon as it was light, she rose and dressed, and wrote a telegraphic message to Mr. Meeke at his counting-house, which she gave Dick to take to the railway station. It

ran thus: "House attacked—nothing lost—all well." As she expected, this brought down Mr. Meeke by the next train. He had not forwarded the unpleasant news to his wife, who could not leave the invalid children, but brought down a detective officer instead, who went over the ground, traced footsteps to a certain distance, heard Ellen's statement, and seemed to think it a very promising case. They all three proceeded to Mr. Curlew, the nearest magistrate, who heard the matter attentively, and desired the officer to take what steps he thought expedient, and report progress to him the next day at the town-hall. Mr. Meeke, being a busy man, then returned to town, leaving Ellen to walk home by herself. She felt it a very uncomfortable business, and heartily wished they were all safe home again. The pleasure of country life was gone.

The children, too, were unsettled; and, though their father had allayed their fears for the time, yet, when darkness and bedtime returned, so did their alarms, which Ellen could only quiet by promising to sit upstairs. As the evening was chilly, she let Mrs. Quin light a fire in her bedroom; and she sat beside it and wrote a long account of what had happened to John.

The next morning, just as she was preparing to take the children to walk, a man came to summon her to the town-hall, saying a prisoner had been taken, and they wanted her to identify him. So she was obliged to leave her charges to the care of Mrs. Quin, and repair to the town-hall unwillingly enough.

On the previous evening, in a large, unfinished room in Hopkinsville, Mr. Bolter might have been seen, amid bare walls, boarded floor, and raftered ceiling, surrounded by a very ragged regiment of scholars, who seemed to make up in earnestness for deficiencies in cleanliness and politeness. A couple of tallow candles, in tin sconces fixed to the wall, afforded them all the light they had: but, though their aids to the pursuit of knowledge were of the humblest and scantiest description, they seemed quite to satisfy the requirements of the learners.

Suddenly, Mr. Bolter observed a person quietly enter the room and approach the class, himself unseen by any of those who formed it. There was something professional in his air which made Mr. Bolter at once de-

tect him for what he was; but, as his object seemed simply to observe what was going forward, and see that all was right, he did not think it necessary to interrupt his proceedings.

"Now, then, Pharaoh," said he.

"Ay, just so; Pharaoh's the very man I want," said the stranger in a quiet voice, which, however made everybody start; Pharaoh, perhaps, the least of any, though his face expressed simple surprise.

"What do you want of me?" said he, calmly. "You're a police."

"That's just it," said the man. "Come out of this, will you? You and I must take a little walk together."

"What for?" cried Mr. Bolter.

"Because this young gentleman, sir, broke into a house last night, and carried off the plate-box."

"I didn't!" exclaimed Pharaoh, kindling like a coal.

"How could he?" cried Mr. Bolter. "He was here, taking a reading-lesson of me."

"Not at two o'clock in the morning, sir, I suppose?"

"No, certainly; but yet—I feel confident there's some mistake."

"Oh, no, sir, none at all. The young lady had a full view of him, and described him exactly, and she heard his companion call him Pharaoh."

"Why, there are dozens of Pharaohs!" exclaimed the gypsy, indignantly. "My grandmother has a hundred grandchildren!"

"Ay, just so, or a hundred and twenty, I think she said," answered the policeman, composedly. "She told me all about it, just now, in Epping Forest, and told me you were here: else how should I have found you?"

Pharaoh and Mr. Bolter looked equally at their wit's end.

"Where did the robbery take place?" said Mr. Bolter.

"Down at Panghurst, in Kent."

"Why, he never could have got there after being with me till ten o'clock!"

"What, not by a third-class? Oh, oh!"

"Boys! do you believe I did it?" suddenly cried Pharaoh to the rest.

"Not you! No, no! Come! let's have a shy at the policeman!"—a proposal which would certainly have been seconded, but for a diversion occasioned by a great wailing and clamoring at the door: The next instant it

admitted Pharaoh's father, mother, sister, sister's husband, and younger brother, all in a high state of excitement.

"Ay, here's the whole tribe of 'em," said the policeman, coolly, "they have not been long in following me up. It don't signify, sir. This young man must go: I am authorized to take him in charge."

"Where shall you take him?" said Mr. Bolter.

"To the lock-up house to-night, and down to Kent by an early train to-morrow."

Hereupon ensued a volley of execrations, vituperations, yells, screeches, and other ob-jurgatory attacks, that nothing but the immovable composure of an English policeman would have faced. He, unsupported and alone, found himself quite equal to the occasion; and the women, snatching at the chance of assistance from another quarter, then beset Mr. Bolter, asking him, really in pathetic terms, was he going to let that precious boy, that good, simple, trusty fellow, that would not hurt a fly, that loved the very dust beneath his feet, and minded him just as much behind his back as before his face, was he going to give up this poor young fellow to that limb of the law? Then Pharaoh burst forth, "O my teacher! my teacher! Don't believe any thing agin me! I never done wrong! You knows what I mean—I never

done any thing in this line all my born days, and mother knows it! Don't give me up! Don't lose sight of me!"

They hung about him, and clung to his knees.

"Rely on it, I will not, my poor fellow," said Mr. Bolter. "I won't give you up, nor lose sight of you."

"O you blessed, blessed man! Oh, the dear angel of a gentleman! I knowed it was in him!" etc., etc., etc., with looks that might have pierced the imperturbable policeman to the back-bone.

"Yes, my friends, I promise you I will look after this case. Be content, therefore, with my engaging to do the best I can for you. Go quietly to your home; and you, Pharaoh, go quietly along with the policeman."

"I will, sir,"—with a deep sigh.

"And I will go down with you to-morrow in the very same train."

Zobel burst into tears. "Oh, bless you, bless you!" cried the others. Pharaoh's heart was full; he could not speak.

"Now, then," said the policeman, quietly.

"Yes, now then," said Mr. Bolter, taking up his hat and extinguishing the candles. "We'll all go with you to the station. Come friends; come, boys. We will go along quite quietly."

CHAPTER X.—THE TOWN HALL.

MAGISTRATE.—

"Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?
Thy crime is proved, thou knowest thy fate,
But come, thy tale!—begin—begin!"

CRABBE: The Justice Hall.

THOUGH Mr. Bolter, the policeman, and the prisoner went down by the first trap, the gypsies were there before them, hanging about the door of the town-hall. Mr. Bolter stopped for a moment, and in a low voice, advised them, whatever might happen, to behave quite quietly, and on no account to disturb the proceedings. "You know," said he, "that I am speaking as his friend."

"Yes, yes, you are his friend—a blessed friend—we will do as you say," said they. And they did.

The magistrate, Mr. Curlew, was already talking over the affair with Mr. Meeke, who had come to represent his brother. On seeing A 1 enter with a prisoner, "Come, this looks like progress," said he, in a low voice, and taking the chair. "Gypsy is written in

the fellow's face. Is the young lady here to identify him? She must be sent for immediately."

A messenger was dispatched.

"Who are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Curlew, looking towards Mr. Bolter.

"A city missionary, sir; my name is William Bolter (and he presented his card). The prisoner is one of a reading-class I was engaged in teaching yesterday evening when the policeman came to apprehend him."

"Hem, I cannot compliment you much, Mr. Bolter, on the respectability of your reading-class, if this is an average specimen."

"He is *not* an average specimen, sir; I heartily wish he were! for he is intelligent, docile, and, as far as I have had the power of testing him, truthful and reliable. It was this which made me take so strong an interest in the case that I came down here with him, of my own accord, to offer my testimony."

"Williams, are you taking down what Mr. Bolter says?"

"Yes, sir." "I was giving the prisoner a lesson the previous night, sir, so late that I am persuaded he was not at the robbery."

"Indeed! Mr. Bolter, your testimony begins to be important. You had better take the oath before proceeding any further."

"With all my heart, sir."

"When did you become acquainted with this man?"

"One Sunday morning, not long ago, as I was on my way to a field-meeting in Epping Forest, he accosted me and asked me to read him a few words on a scrap of printed paper. I did so, and then asked him his object in making the request. I found he was very anxious to teach himself to read, in order that he might read one particular book. That book, though he could not remember the name of it, I made out to be the Bible. Interested in his purpose, I promised to teach him, but not then: I appointed to meet him at a certain place in the evening. Meanwhile, we walked along together, and had a good deal of talk. I found that though ignorant, he was a simple, well-meaning lad. I was prevented from keeping my evening appointment, which disappointed me, as I was sure it would disappoint him. The next day a lady, belonging to the Society of Friends, sent me into the forest to see a gypsy woman who was ill of a fever. In seeking for her, I stumbled on another encampment of gypsies. While I was talking to them, this young man unexpectedly came up, and I can never forget the expression of joy which lighted up his face on seeing me. He instantly claimed the reading-lesson, which I gave. Some of the others then wanted to learn too, but I told them that I could not spare time. If Pharaoh (this young man) would come to my reading-class in Hopkinstville, I would teach him, and then he could teach his own family. They agreed that this would be a good plan, and promised to learn of him."

"This is a curious story of yours, Mr. Bolter. Did the lad come?"

"Sir, he has never failed; and his progress has been remarkable. He has been an example to the whole class. The night before last, I dismissed my scholars, as usual, at nine o'clock, but something had occurred which I was desirous of explaining more fully to Pharaoh than I had been able to do during the course of his lesson, and we remained, talking

over our book, and he attentively listening to me while I read him various parts of it for a good hour. It was ten o'clock when we parted. When we went out of the house, I turned to the right and he to the left. That was the night of the robbery."

"This is singular," said Mr. Curlew, looking at Mr. Meeke. Then addressing Pharaoh—

"My lad," said he, "do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Pharaoh looked mystified. Mr. Bolter was in pain for him.

"Do you," persisted the magistrate, "know there is a God?"

Pharaoh's answer was a good deal fuller than any of his hearers expected—

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only son our Lord."

"Hum!" said Mr. Curlew, evidently struck. "That is a good deal to say. Who taught it you?"

"He," said Pharaoh, laconically, glancing at Mr. Bolter.

"It may be mere parrot-knowledge, though," observed Mr. Curlew.

"Ah, sir, how often is it so with all of us!" exclaimed Mr. Bolter.

"And you get your living by—"

"Bird-nesting."

"Halloo! that doesn't sound over-respectable!"

"Oh, no, sir, he makes no pretensions to belong to the respectable classes," interposed Mr. Bolter. "But I believe him to be honest and true."

At this instant, Ellen came in, very much flushed with her quick walk; and when she saw Mr. Bolter, she was so surprised that she flushed still more, and looked quite embarrassed. Mr. Meeke kindly led her to a chair. Mr. Curlew spoke to her good-humoredly, and, as there could be nothing but re-assurance in the presence of Mr. Bolter, however unlooked for, she soon recovered herself a little, though her face was in a glow.

The oath was administered to her, which she took reverently but without hesitation; and Mr. Curlew then inquired of her whether the prisoner were one of the persons who had broken into Mr. Meeke's house.

Pharaoh's large black eyes fixed full on hers. To the surprise and grief of Mr. Bolter, she unhesitatingly said,—

"Yes, he is the man who stood outside on the ladder."

"That I didn't!" exclaimed Pharaoh. "Do look at me again, miss!"

"Why, I remember you quite well," said Ellen, indignantly. "Don't you remember catching my eye just as you took the box?"

"Certainly I don't. How *should* I, when I never see you till this day?" cried he with equal heat. "Oh, *don't* go to swear away a poor fellow's life!"

She looked shocked, but her opinion remained unshaken.

"Miss Miller, do you not think you may be deceived?" said Mr. Bolter, anxiously.

"Indeed I do not, Mr. Bolter," replied she, much distressed. "I am very sorry to have any thing to do with the matter, but you know I must speak the truth." And she burst into tears.

"Of course you must," replied he sorrowfully, "only you might be mistaken. And I think," he added, "that you *are* mistaken."

She wiped her streaming eyes, and looked hard at Pharaoh, but could not persuade herself she did not know him.

"Well," said Mr. Curlew, with something like a sigh, "I believe we must commit this young fellow. Indeed, the case seems very clearly made out. He left you, Mr. Bolter, at ten o'clock. There was nothing to hinder his getting down here by one or two in the morning."

"Except the inclination," said Mr. Bolter.

"Just so. Well, it can't be helped. I really was in hopes Miss Miller's testimony might have gone the other way. But, as it is, I'm afraid the charge is but too well-founded. It must stand over to the quarter-sessions. They will soon be here."

"Don't cry so, miss," said Pharaoh, kindly; which made Ellen cry all the more.

"You needn't handcuff me," said he, rather quickly, to the policeman, "I'm not going to resist."

Mr. Bolter laid his hand on his shoulder. He looked affectionately up in his face, and a tear shone in his eye, but did not fall. Neither of them said a word.

Directly Pharaoh got outside the town-hall, his family, seeing him in charge, crowded round him, and were beginning to utter loud cries of sorrow and indignation; but he suddenly addressed them rapidly in some language only known to themselves, and with

great eagerness, evidently told them to do something which they as eagerly promised; and then, while he was carried off to prison, they, with smothered maledictions, quitted the town and went off, themselves only knew whither—certainly not back to Epping. Every gypsy in the forest had cleared out of it hours ago, and scattered east, west, north, and south.

Mr. Bolter, in some agitation, requested Mr. Curlew's permission to let him see Pharaoh in his captivity. He said he thought he could obtain from him, in private conference, more light on the subject of the robbery, than would probably be extracted from him in any other way; if, indeed, he knew any thing at all about it. Mr. Curlew willingly acceded, and shook hands with him cordially, assuring him that he had been much struck by the incidental information he had gleaned respecting the nature of Mr. Bolter's teaching, and the class among whom he labored. "I am afraid," pursued he, "that your good nature has been imposed upon by this poor lad, and that he is not so honest as you think him. However, that is at present only matter of opinion. You will be prepared to come forward as a witness, if called upon?"

"Certainly, sir."

"The nature of your intended conference with him does not, I conclude, bear any analogy to that of a Romish priest with his penitent?"

"Oh, no, sir! I shall only speak to him as friend to friend. I am not going to worm any thing out of him that may criminate himself. I am only in hopes he may clear up his innocence a little. Supposing him to be innocent, you know, we might prove an alibi. The worst of it is, that his own family, who were probably the only persons aware of his being elsewhere than on the spot of the robbery, are not likely, I fear, to be admitted as witnesses, not feeling the obligation of an oath. I am afraid they could *not* witness the good confession Pharaoh did just now."

Mr. Bolter then spoke a few cheering words to Ellen, who evidently was very much in need of them, and proceeded to Pharaoh's place of durance. On being admitted into his cell, Pharaoh, who was sitting in a corner in an attitude of the utmost despondency, started up with joy, and seizing his hand in both his own, wrung it with vehemence.

"Oh, this is so good of you!" said he. "To think of the poor gypsies!"

"How could I help thinking of you?" said Mr. Bolter. "Why, just now, I can think of nothing else! Let us sit down and talk it all over; only don't say any thing that you may be sorry for me to tell again, in case of my being obliged to do so."

"Why, you don't believe I did it?" cried Pharaoh, looking him full in the face.

"My good lad, I do not. How can we prove to people, however, that it was somebody else? Can you guess who it may have been that Miss Miller took for you?"

"Certainly I can," said Pharaoh.

"Who?" cried Mr. Bolter with eagerness.

"Why, now," said Pharaoh, reproachfully, "didn't you tell me, that very night as it happened, that them that followed Christ must love their brothers as themselves? How should I do that, if I got my brother into gaol that I might get out?"

Mr. Bolter was silenced.

"I don't mean," resumed Pharaoh, presently, "that he is my brother—he's not the son of my father and mother, but he's very near of kin. And you told me that was what the Bible meant."

"It is."

"Then what can I do?"

"Can you prove you were somewhere else; and, therefore, could not have been at the robbery?"

"Surely; my father, mother, and grandmother know that!"

"Ah, Pharaoh! but not one of them, I fear, knows the value of an oath; and therefore their testimony would be held worthless. Not one of them, I'm afraid, can say as you did, that they believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord."

"No, they cannot," said Pharaoh, sighing. "But, now I mind it, I saw Curly Bill, the ratcatcher, that night. He came up to us quite late, and stayed talking to us a good bit. He could say I was in the forest at midnight!"

"Is he a Christian?"

"Well, I don't know—he ought to be. He ain't one of us."

"Where is he to be found?"

"That's the puzzle. Father might find him. But, then, father's off now, so you couldn't find him. All of them are off—every gypsy in the forest."

"Perhaps A 1 might find him?"

"Likely he might; for I think he'd find anybody!" said Pharaoh. "Only it would be too bad—for, you see, it might get Bill into trouble."

"Well, you must choose between yourself and your friend."

"Oh, he's no friend of mine; only, you see, we're civil-like. Anyway, he isn't an enemy. However, I don't know of any trouble it would get him into. I only said it *might*. My mind doesn't turn agin that, like the other—he isn't my kin; and he's done no harm, as I knows on."

"Well, then. I think we might look up Curly Bill."

"Yes, I think you might."

"Where shall we seek him?"

"Well, there's a little hut off the forest about three stones' throw from the pike. Therein lives an old man with one eye. That old man goes by the name of Will Effet. It don't magnify whether that's his real name or not, he's called by it, and the reason is, he deals in effets, newts, slow-worms, adders, snails, and suchlike."

"Deals in them! Why, who can want such nasty things?"

"Oh, nothing's nasty that God made. There's a person in Covent Garden buys live snakes at five shillings the pound. They're no value to him, dead. Some buys 'em for stuffing, and for curiosities—hedgehogs too: they sell for a shilling. I've been out, times oft, with Will Effet, hunting for 'em in Essex, and he's given me something for my trouble. Or else I've got them on my own account, to sell in the streets. I took a hedgehog once with the young ones, and sold the lot for half-a-crown.* People buy 'em to kill black beetles; and when they doesn't eat black beetles, they feed them on bread and milk. Effet's is only bought for curiosity. Will gets twopence apiece: and snails he sells to Frenchmen: they boils 'em twice in water, and then in vinegar—they say they're as good as welks."

"I shouldn't like to try them!" said Mr. Bolter.

"No, sir, they're not for such as you. But them foreigners delight in snails, and frogs too—they'll buy them up by the pailful. Old Will makes a good bit of money, and is very shy of telling where he keeps it; but for all that, it'll be found out some day, or some

* Mayhew's "London Labor and London Poor."

night, if the old man don't mind. Well, sir, I thinks if you or A 1 (better you—he'll be scared at a police), if you goes in a friendly way to Will Effet, and tells him young Pharaoh Smith's got into trouble, and wants Curly Bill to get him out of it, I think he'll help you to where he is."

"Very well; your instructions shall be attended to. Meanwhile, Pharaoh, what a capital place this will be for your getting on with your reading! Nay, I don't see why you should not even learn to write. See! I have got a sheet of small paper and a pencil in my pocket—I will set you a copy, and you can go over it again and again, till the paper is quite covered. Here you have a nice, dry, quiet

room, while the rain is pouring down outside. You are as snug and comfortable as can be, and sure of plenty to eat. Here is your little book,—I brought it with me,—you can study your lessons, and get them quite perfect against my next visit. Meanwhile, I will read you a passage in the Bible, about a poor innocent young man (in *Egypt*), who was cast into prison, and kept there a good deal longer than you, I hope, are likely to be; and how the Lord befriended him. Then we will pray a little prayer, and then I will leave you."

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

A NEW POET.

"The Disbanded Volunteer," a correspondent of the *N. Y. Sunday Times*, has been to Niagara, and has been requested to write some poetry on the chief places of interest there on the St. Lawrence. He complies and sends the following:—

"TO THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA RIVER.

"Anonmous structur! Whar, Ide like to know,
Did the constructurs stand as bilt this rode
Rite throo the air? Say, gentle mews,
Wot hed they to hold on to? But, alas!
The mews ses nuthin. O! Jerusalem,
Wot boyed em up? Imadjinashin, flored,
Kant get the hang of it!

I have it now!
They did it in balloons!"

"ON LAKE ONTARY.

"Green are thy waters, green as bottle glass,
Behold em stretched thar;
Fine Muskolonges and Oswego bass
Is chefely ketched thar.
Wunst the red Injuns thar tuck thar delights,
Fisht, fit, and bled;
Now most of the inhabitants is whites,
With nary red."

"POETICAL REFLECKSHINS ON PASSING THROO THE THOUSAND ISLES.

"O what a fary sene! It peers to me
As ef the strems, as fur as eye ken see,
Hed with a shower of ilands reddy made

Ben librally peppered. Ime afraid
They're trubbled with muskeeters, otherw e
Thar would I like to lofe; also black-flies
Is orful plenty, when the weather's hot,
And makes you sware, which I hed rayther
not,
Stingin a feller blinder than a bat,
And his hed swelling bigger'n his hat!
Woll, seth is life; thar's allus sum darned
thing
To take the stiffenin outer Fancy's wing,
And that witch seems romantical afar
Proves, when you're near it, rayther below
par!

"ON THE LASHEEN RAPIDS.

"Roshin on with oncommon force,
Faster by chorks than a quarter horse;
Steppin at more'n a racer's speed,
Throo the wust-looking channil I ever seed,
Atween rocks whar it seemed that we must be
pinned,
Down we dasht in the Jenny Lind.
What a gloryus pictur it is, no doubt,
But it's arter you're throo that you find it out;
For as we sheered throo the hissen fome,
I'd hev given a V to hev ben to home."

Mme. Lafarge, the prisoner has left in MS. a drama which she meant Rachel to perform in (having received a visit in her prison from that *tragedienne*), the leading character being, of course, a lady falsely accused of murder. It is called "*Une Femme Perdue*," and there is some talk just now of its production on the stage, it being full of pathos and power.

From Notes and Queries.

ON THE AFRICAN CONFESSORS WHOSE TONGUES WERE MUTILATED BY ORDER OF HUNNERIC THE VANDAL, A.D. 484.

DEAN MILMAN, in his *History of Latin Christianity*, has suggested what appears to be a satisfactory explanation of the power of speech attributed to the Athanasian Christians, whose tongues were mutilated at Tipasa in Africa by the command of Hunneric the Vandal. For the sake of compression in a history extending over such a long period of time, the documents which justify that explanation were not published at full length. It has, however, been deemed advisable that they should all remain separately on record in a connected form: and they will, accordingly, be sent forth in the following observations.

In order to render them intelligible, it may be proper to remind or acquaint the reader that there is distinct evidence for the statement that the Athanasian Confessors were able to speak as well as they had done previously, after their tongues had been cut out or torn out by the roots. The evidence on this point is collected and published in Ruinart's edition of the *History of the Vandal Persecution*, written by Victor Vitensis, a contemporary African bishop. It is likewise fairly referred to, and the sources of information on the subject are indicated, by Gibbon in the thirty-seventh chapter of his *History*; and as direct testimony to the fact, he quotes in the text a striking passage from Victor Vitensis, and also one from Æneas Gaza, another contemporary of the persecution. Gibbon ends, however, with the following remarks:

"This supernatural gift of the African Confessors, who spoke without tongues, will command the assent of those, and of those only, who already believe that their language was pure and orthodox. But the stubborn mind of an infidel is guarded by secret, incurable suspicion, and the Arian or Socinian who has seriously rejected the doctrine of the Trinity will not be shaken by the most plausible evidence of an Athanasian miracle."

On the other hand, the subject has been regarded from a different point of view by a long series of ecclesiastical writers; and, in particular, Dr. Newman, in his *Essay on Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of Early Ages*, published at Oxford in A.D. 1843, has devoted about twelve octavo pages to establishing the certainty, and insist-

ing on the significance of the fact in question, which he assumes to be miraculous. In his remarks, he lays stress upon the variety of the witnesses, and on the consistency and unity of their testimony in all material points. And as striking features in the Miracle, he dwells on its completeness, on its permanence, on the number of persons on whom it was wrought, and on its carrying its full case with it to every beholder. It is the miracle with which he concludes his Essay; and the argument in its behalf is perhaps somewhat more elaborate than for any one of the others in which he expresses his belief.

It seems that no counter-explanation of the supposed facts had been offered, when Dean Milman in his *History of Latin Christianity* quoted in a Note the following passage from Colonel Churchill's *Lebanon*, vol. iii. p. 384, in reference to cruelties committed by Djezzar Pacha on certain Emirs:—

"Each Emir was held down in a squatting position with his hands tied behind him, and his face turned upwards. The officiating tefeketehy now approached his victim, and standing over him, as if about to extract a tooth, forced open his mouth, and darting a hook through the top of the tongue, pulled it out until the root was exposed; one or two passes of a razor sufficed to cut it out. It is a curious fact, however, that the tongues grew again sufficiently for the purposes of speech."

It is to be observed that in this passage Colonel Churchill does not distinctly say that he himself heard the Emirs in question speak; nor does he mention his authority for the statement that their tongues grew. If, however, the Emirs were able to speak, Colonel Churchill, as a resident in the country, had the amplest opportunities for becoming acquainted with the fact, and with the current explanation of it.

Subsequently, the following passage was noticed in Sir John Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*. Sir John Malcolm had been Ambassador of the East India Company on a special mission to Persia, and the book was published during his lifetime, though, from ideas of official propriety, without his name. (John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, 1828.) In the account of his stay at Teheran, speaking of Zâl Khan of Khisht, the writer says:—

"This remarkable man had established a great name in his native mountains, between Abusheher and Shiraz; and he was long dis-

tinguished as one of the bravest and most attached followers of the Zend family. When the death of Looft Ali Khan terminated its power, he, along with the other governors of provinces and districts in Fars, submitted to Aga Mahomed Khan. That cautious and cruel monarch, dreading the ability and doubtful of the allegiance of this chief, ordered his eyes to be put out; an appeal for the recall of this sentence being treated with disdain, Zāl Khan loaded the tyrant with curses. 'Cut out his tongue,' was the second order. This mandate was imperfectly executed; and the loss of half this member deprived him of speech. Being afterwards persuaded that its being cut close to the root would enable him to speak so as to be understood, he submitted to the operation, and the effect has been that his voice, though indistinct and thick, is yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him. This I experienced from daily intercourse. He often spoke to me of his sufferings, and of the humanity of the present king, who had restored him to his situation, as head of his tribe and governor of Khisht.

"I am not an anatomist, and cannot, therefore, give a reason why a man who could not articulate with half a tongue, should speak when he had none at all; but the facts are as stated, and I had them from the very best authority, old Zāl Khan himself."

. On considering the above passage, it was deemed advisable to write to Sir John McNeill, late British Ambassador in Persia, to inquire if his experience in that country enabled him to give any information on the subject. The following letter was received in answer, bearing date Jan. 8, 1857:—

"In answer to your inquiries about the powers of speech retained by persons who have had their tongues cut out, I can state from personal observation that several persons whom I knew in Persia, and who had been subjected to that punishment, spoke so intelligibly as to be able to transact important business. More than one of them, finding that my curiosity and interest were excited, showed me the stump, and one of them stated that he owed the power of speech to the friendship of the executioner, who, instead of merely cutting off the tip as he was ordered, had cut off all that was loose in the mouth—that is, all that could be amputated by a single cut from below. The conviction in Persia is universal that the power of speech is destroyed by merely cutting off the tip of the tongue, and is to a useful extent restored by cutting off another portion as far back as a perpendicular section can be made of the portion that is free from attachment at the lower surface.

"Persons so circumstanced appeared to me

to use the arched portion of the tongue which is behind the point of section, as a substitute for the whole tongue, or rather for the tip. This precluded the articulation of certain consonants, but guttural substitutes came to be used, which after a little intercourse, when one had found out the key—as in the case of persons with defective palates—became quite intelligible.

"I never happened to meet with a person who had suffered this punishment, who could not speak so as to be quite intelligible to his familiar associates. I have met with several of them.

"The mode in which the operation is performed as a punishment will pretty nearly determine how much of the tongue is removed in those cases in which it is said to be cut out by the root. It was described to me as follows, both by persons who had suffered and by others who had witnessed it. A hook was fixed in the tongue near the point, by means of which it was drawn out as far as possible, and then cut off on a line with the front teeth—one man said, within the mouth, just behind the front teeth."

The letter of Sir John McNeill, with the statements of Sir John Malcolm and Colonel Churchill, was subsequently communicated to Sir Benjamin Brodie, who made the following observations on the subject, in a letter dated Jan. 16, 1857:—

"There seems to me to be nothing very mysterious in the histories of the excision of the tongue.

"The modification of the voice forming articulate speech is effected especially by the motions of the soft palate, the tongue, and the lips; and partly by the teeth and cheeks. The mutilation of any one of these organs will affect the speech as far as that organ is concerned, but no farther: the effect being therefore, to render the speech more or less imperfect, but not to destroy it altogether.

"There is no analogy in the higher orders of animals justifying the opinion that the tongue grows again after it has been removed. The facts which have been mentioned bearing upon this question are thus easily explained.

"The excision of the whole tongue, the base of which is nearly as low down as the windpipe, is an impossible operation. The Eastern executioner, however freely he may excise the tongue, always leaves a much larger portion of it than he takes away. In the healing of the wound, the tongue necessarily contracts from side to side, it being a rule that the cicatrix of any wound is always smaller than the wound itself. If the tongue be thus contracted in its transverse diameter, it must be elongated in the longitudinal diameter,

and hence it would appear, when the healing is completed, to project further forwards than it did immediately after the wound was inflicted."

The general result of the above documents is as follows: First. We have the direct evidence of Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Churchill, and Sir John M'Neill, as eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, that the cutting out of all that part of the tongue which is loose in the mouth does not deprive the sufferer of the power of speech.

Secondly. We have the high authority of Sir Benjamin Brodie, not only for regarding such power of speech as in accordance with known laws, but likewise for the physical fact that the excision of the whole tongue is an impossible operation, and that however much may be cut out in a living person, a much larger portion will be left behind. Hence the statements made by a long series of writers, beginning with the eye-witnesses Victor Vitenais and Aeneas of Gaza, that the tongues of the African Confessors were cut out or torn out by the roots, and the consequent expressions that the Confessors spoke without tongues, must be reject as inaccurate. This inaccuracy, springing as it did from defective information respecting the structure and length of the tongue, inevitably introduced false ideas of the real phenomenon to be explained; and thus it now turns out that the precise fact concerning which Gibbon intimates his secret incurable suspicion, viz., that of the Confessors

speaking without tongues, undoubtedly never occurred. Indeed, previous to Sir John M'Neill, no writer seems to have conceived rightly the result of this barbarous punishment, or to have distinctly apprehended that the sufferers still *possessed* tongues, however mutilated, after the executioner had done his worst. This is a remarkable instance that in matters of this kind even honest eye-witnesses cannot always be depended on, unless they have sound special knowledge, inasmuch as, without any intention to deceive, they may easily mislead, by importing into their statements their own preconceived ideas.

Thirdly. There is some secondary evidence that the excision of the mere tip of the tongue disables the sufferer from speaking. That evidence, however, is not conclusive: and the effect of mutilating the tongue does not seem to have been observed by our countrymen, or by scrutinizing Europeans, in a sufficient number of cases to justify the inferring any general laws as to the degree of clearness with which the power of speech may possibly be exercised according to diversities of individual skill in the sufferers, and different modes of inflicting the punishment. Still enough has been ascertained to bring the power of speech attributed to the African Confessors within the domain of natural science, and to show that there is no sufficient reason either to discredit the fact altogether, or to resort, for the explanation of it, to the supposition that it was miraculous. E. T.

In consequence of the growing desire for public drinking fountains, Mr. Thomas Milnes, the eminent sculptor, at the desire of some of his friends, has made a tour through Paris, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and other cities of the continent, for the special purpose of studying the fountains in their sculptural and architectural character, and has brought back a large collection of sketches. He is now engaged in producing models for some of the fountains projected.—*Literary Gazette*.

An American agent is now in treaty with Mr. Dickens for a tour of readings through the

States. It is said that an offer of a guarantee for £30,000 has been offered. This arrangement, if carried out, will not interfere with the starting of the new periodical referred to in our last.—*Critic*.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—I find the following passage in Sterne's *Koran*, or *Essays, Sentiments, Characters, and Cullimachies*, Part II. :—

"Titles of honor are like the impressions on coin—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current."—*Notes and Queries*.

From The Athenæum.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

LIFE was so strong and spirits were so brilliant in the woman of genius who departed from amongst us only a few hours since,—enjoyment of society was so keen with her to the last,—habit of expression so eloquent,—and life and spirits and expression kept such perfect pace with the interests of the day, the changes of the hour,—that while recording the death of Lady Morgan we feel something of sudden surprise, besides much of personal regret. She had been ailing and well alternately during some winters past—now talking, now publishing—now gathering old friends and new acquaintances about her, herself older in years than she would ever confess, but younger in heart and in humor than many a middle-aged youngster whom she received and patronized. She was among almost the last illustrations of Whig London Society, belonging to the world of Moore and Byron and Rogers. As such, were her own literary and social claims less, and were she to be buried without benefit of personal regard, she is not to be laid in her grave without a word of cordial farewell,—nor without some attempt—however sudden and imperfect—to award her a place among the literary celebrities of this century.

The year of her birth she would never tell,—and the subject of the when and where provoked a long discussion on the part of that ancient Tory faction to which she was all her life so sharply opposed. Croker issued a commission of inquiry,—himself inquirer, jury, and judge,—against his brilliant countrywoman; and the pretended discoveries of that acrimonious partisan amused the reading and talking world of London for a whole season. We believe she was born in or about the year 1777. Her birthplace, she said, was betwixt England and Ireland, on shipboard, at sea. Her father, Mr. MacOwen, was an Irish gentleman of the fine old school,—with a tall figure, a handsome Celtic face, and dashing air. As a singer, a player, a manager, he made himself a reputation in Ireland,—was more successful, it is said, among the ladies than behind the lamps,—and came over to England on the strength of his good looks, and appeared, under the name of Owenson, at Covent Garden, in Rowe's tragedy of "Tamerlane." Party theatricals at that time ran as high as party politics; and while some of

the newspapers, under managerial influence, praised the Irish *Tamerlane* to the skies, particularly dwelling on the charms of his person, the *Theatrical Review* described him as a gawky, and his assumption of the part a gross insult to common sense. Leaving London, in which his stay was brief and his appearance unsuccessful, he went the round of the country houses, and at Shrewsbury the stalwart Hibernian caught the eye and charmed the fancy of Miss Hill, a maiden lady considerably past her teens, and the result of their acquaintance was flight and marriage. Sydney was their first, and for several years their only, child. She was christened Sydney—she used herself to tell—like many Irish children of the western counties, from an affectionate recollection by the Celtic population of the beneficent Irish rule of Sir Henry Sydney in the reign of Queen Elizabeth! Mr. MacOwen,—a clever man, a famous companion, a great singer of convivial songs, a lover of arts, and a helper of young poets,—the man who brought forward Dermody, "the Irish Chatterton,"—gave his tiny, clever child such education as could be found among pianos and poetry and stage lamps,—as he did the girl born to him eight years afterwards, and who became in her womanhood, as Lady Clarke, a very brilliant ornament of Dublin society. But the small girl who afterwards became a great authoress chose to make her own life for herself. With little training in music, she sang to her harp,—with little education, she wrote,—with little poetical experience, she rhymed. A volume of verse published by subscription she dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. the Countess of Moira. The verse in this volume—written before Byron had brought into existence the fresh rhythm and feelings of modern verse—is wondrously good of its kind—the time considered and the preparations of its writer taken into account. The small girl was even then resolute to be *somebody* and to place herself *somewhere*—to read and to turn her reading to account. Her book of rhymes contains references to verse by Guarini, to the "fable of Dryope," to the "Natural History" of Lord Bacon—not less than to the music of Carolan; all these things indicating that the book's maker had instincts upwards. How Miss Owenson's aspirations rose and were cherished, it is not possible here to tell. That they *were* encouraged, is proved by every successive step taken.

She played on the harp and sang,—she published a collection of Irish songs before Bunting's or Moore's were thought of,—she was the original "*Kate Kearney*." But such playing and singing and publication did little for her, till by naturalization in one or two London houses—after the production of a tawdry novel or two—her social qualities led the world to accept the small "*Wild Irish Girl*," "with her harp and her howl" (as she has said it herself), and those better qualities, to which every one who knew her will bear witness—as something better than a show-girl. "The thing (as Wordsworth says of the sonnet) became a trumpet." The small "*Irish Girl*" contrived to enlist a public by her sprightliness, her accomplishments, her ready humor, and literary tastes and talents, in advance of her age and time. How pleasantly she described the days of Abercorn Priory, and of Lady Cork's "blue parties," where she starred it as a lioness, after the Thrales and Burneys of a past dynasty had vanished from the scene! These things made her historical,—and Lady Morgan was to society and literature something of what the Great Duke had been to state-craft and war. Her "*Book of the Boudoir*," and other of her miscellanies, collected and republished of later years, are indispensable material to any one busying himself with London life. During this period it was that she produced her early novels, "*Ida, of Athens*," "*The Novice of St. Dominic*," "*The Missionary*,"—most of them full of a romance at which no one laughed more airily in later years than herself,—all marking their author as a person who could turn every vocation to its fullest account. Tastes for society,—fancies for out-of-the-way reading,—passion for liberty,—sympathies for Art,—were all born into Lady Morgan, were educated in her throughout her long life, and worked out by her in the course of her literary career.

It was during this period of her literary nonage that Sydney Owenson made an honorable marriage with an upright and superior man, and took her place thenceforward at ease in the gay and intellectual society of Europe. Every work produced by her from this period showed progress. The romance softened, the shrewdness developed, the speech became more fearless, the opinions more settled. It was not, however, till "*O'Donnell*" was published that Lady Morgan's literary place was

truly and permanently ascertained, as the first patriotic Irish romancer of modern times. This has been too much forgotten in her own country. The originality of her style will at once suggest itself when it is recollected that ere "*O'Donnell*" appeared, Miss Edgeworth, by her "*Castle Rackrent*" and "*Absentee*," might have been thought to have made the Irish national tale her own. No two things, however, could be more distinct than her brain-creatures and those of the more cautious and prudential authoress of "*Gwin*" and "*To-morrow*."

After having belonged to every circle of London society, in which foreign speech was cultivated and foreign Art discussed, Sydney Morgan *née* Owenson set her sail towards France, and wrote her good book on it. Later, as she told us only the other day, she was invited to do the same service by Italy, and wrote on the Peninsula her no less famous book. The first and the second work made an extraordinary reputation—abroad and at home—for their writer. In London, the sensation made by them, was proved by the unmanly abuse poured on Sydney Morgan, their author, from a then abusive Tory press. In Paris, Lady Morgan had a throne built for her—but a few fingers' height lower than that of the Duchesse de Berri. As regards Italy, she was quoted with respect by Byron, who knew Italy well, and who deferred to her as an authority.

After Lady Morgan's return to the Old Country, she gave out, successively, her "*Flora MacCarthy*" (a capital novel of its kind),—her "*Salvator Rosa*" (a fascinating, if incomplete, Art-biography), her "*O'Briens and O'Flahertys*"—a second draft from a former spring—a second "*France*"—her "*Woman and her Master*"—a bit of a strong book ill wrought out,—her "*Princess*," the result of a Belgian tour,—and one or two works besides—in which were shown her unflagging brightness of style, liberality of sympathy, and research of reading. One of her last efforts was her discussion of the Papal Chair, in the spirited pamphlet addressed by her to Cardinal Wiseman: for to the last she held her old convictions and philosophies. Her change of home, some eighteen years ago or more, from Dublin to London, in no respect changed Lady Morgan's habits. Here, as there, she desired to gather round her the best of the best—the newest of the new:—always with

reference to liberal opinions. Her house will be missed; herself will be missed. Her creative authorship virtually ended some years ago; and yet, no coming authorship that has reference to society in England, France, or Italy during the last half-century, can dispense with a careful investigation of her claims. So often as Lady Morgan wrote, whether novelist or traveller, she was partisan,—inaccurate it may be,—coloring high; in this showing her incomplete training as an artist, her Irish parentage and her womanhood. But she had genius—nationality—prevision—humor to work, and power to combine. If we had

nothing else whereby to remember her,—no social kindlinesses,—no personal obligations; by her literary qualities—her brilliancy of style—her magnetic quickness for collecting material—her defence of her own country, and her quick capacity of bringing out its wants and duties into strong relief,—at a time, let it be recollected, when patriotism in Ireland was perilous,—we should remember Lady Morgan. She was justly pensioned by our Government for her services to Ireland: she ended her days in England, among the best of the best,—and the end of her days leaves a void in the literary world.

CURIOUS LEGACY.—Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Maclean, who died at Milport on the 17th of April, has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £30,000, to educate boys of the name of Maclean. No boy who spells his name "MacLaine" will be eligible. By his will the colonel provides that the number of boys shall not the first year exceed ten, and will be increased by gradations each year till they reach one hundred and forty. After the number shall have reached one hundred and forty, the first £1,500 of surplus revenue of the trust estate which may have accumulated shall be applied to the feuing a site for, and building and maintaining, a Gaelic church at Glasgow, to be called Reilig Orain na Baanu Brothier Church, the sittings in which shall be free and open to all, and especially to the poor, and to servants, soldiers, sailors, etc., who understand the Gaelic language. The services shall be morning and afternoon, and shall be conducted by a minister of the established and free churches, each of whom shall be paid £1 sterling for each service conducted by him. Several other curious legacies are provided by the colonel, who has appointed the following gentlemen as his trustees; viz., Dr. Charles Maclean, Inspector-General of her Majesty's Medical Department; Major-General A. Maclean, General Sir Archibald MacLaine, Angus MacLaine, Edinburgh; W. O. MacLaine, of Kingstown; Alexander Maclean, Esq., of Pennycross, Mull; Donald MacLaine, Esq., of Lochbui; H. F. Maclean, Esq., W.S.; F. J. G. Maclean, Esq., W.S.; William Maclean, Esq., of Plantation; William Maclean, Esq., Jr., of Plantation; George Maclean, Esq., Heynish, Tyree; Daniel Maclean, Esq., writer, Greenock; all of whom failing, the Lord Provost and magistrates of Glasgow and their successors in office shall assume the office.

WAR ANECDOTES.—As some Zouaves were returning to their barracks the other day they fell in with some German mechanics, who were shouting lustily a German drinking song. They ceased their vociferations on seeing the Zouaves take up a warlike position and send forward a spokesman, "Messieurs, you are Germans; you can't deny it. Every one can't enjoy the honor of being a Frenchman." "Well, supposing we are," replied one of them. "Well, you admit it. Now, perhaps you will let us know if there is an Austrian amongst you." A German came forward, "Yes, I am an Austrian; now what have you got to say?" "Got to say!" said the bellicose Zouave, "I should like to know whether you have ever been at Milan?" "Yes, I was in garrison there." "Then," said the Zouave, politely, "perhaps you will be good enough to give us the address of some public house in the city where we can get good wine, for we expect to be quartered there shortly." The dialogue which had so bellicose a commencement terminated peacefully and jocosely. But it may be that these were some of those true words which are frequently let fall in jest. As another illustration of the feeling of the army, let me describe to you a lesson in sword exercise in the cavalry barracks at Versailles. A carabineer recruit was put sword in hand, and ordered to hack away at a dummy figure stuffed with straw, representing, of course, an Austrian soldier. The sergeant showed the neophyte soldier how to split the skull, to lop off the arm, and slash the Austrian's face. "But can't you show me how to parry the enemy's thrusts?" inquired the recruit. "You need not trouble yourself about that," said the sergeant, twirling his moustache, "that is the Austrian's affair."

From All The Year Round.

THE CRUSOE OF THE SNOWY DESERT.

LATE in the autumn of the year 1851, Mr. Baldwin Möllhausen, a Prussian traveller, pursuing his investigations in Northern America, had occasion to make a return journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri. He started with one companion only, and with three horses and a mule, for riding and for carrying the baggage.

Scanty fodder, Indian treachery, and the fearful cold of those snowy regions, produced the first disasters of the travellers, by depriving them of the services of all four animals. Their last horse was killed by exposure to an icy gale, at a spot in the miserable wilderness called Sandy Hill Creek. Here, now that their last means of getting forward had failed them, they were compelled to stop, at a period of the year when every succeeding day might be expected to increase the horrors of the cold, and the chances of death by starvation in the prairie wastes.

They had a little Indian tent with them, and they set it up for shelter. They had also a small supply of bad buffalo meat, rice, and Indian corn. On this they existed miserably for a few days, until the Post from Fort Kearney to the Flat River happened to pass them.

With all the will to rescue both the travellers, the Post did not possess the power. It was barely possible for the persons in charge of it—their own lives depending on their getting on rapidly, and husbanding their provisions—to make room for one man in their little vehicle drawn by six mules. The other man would have no help for it but to remain behind with the goods, alone in the wilderness, and to keep himself alive, if it was possible, in that dreadful position, until the Post could send horses back for him from the Catholic Mission, eighty or a hundred miles off.

In this emergency—an emergency of life or death if ever there was one yet—the travellers agreed on drawing lots to decide which man was to be rescued, and which man was to remain. The lot to remain fell on Mr. Möllhausen.

The Post resumed its journey at once, with the rescued traveller squeezed into the little carriage. Mr. Möllhausen watched the departure of the vehicle till it was out of sight,

till he was left alone, the one living being in the white waste—the Crusoe of the snowy desert. He had three chances, not of life, but of death. Death by cold; death by the murderous treachery of savages; death by the teeth of the wolves which prowled the wilderness by night. But he was a brave man, and he faced his imminent perils and his awful loneliness with a stout heart.

He was well supplied with arms and ammunition; and the first thing he did when the Post left him was to look to these. His next proceeding was to make use of the snow on the earth to keep out the snow from the heavens by raising a white wall, firmly stamped, all around his little tent. He then dragged up a supply of wood from the river near at hand, and piled it before his door. His fireplace was a hollow in the ground, in front of his bed of blankets and buffalo hides. The food he possessed to cook at it consisted of buffalo meat and rice. He had also some coffee. These provisions, on which his feeble chance of life depended, he carefully divided into fourteen days' rations, having first calculated that, in fourteen days at the furthest, he might look for help from the Mission. The sum of his preparations was now complete. He fed his fire, set on his food to cook, and crept into his blankets to wait for the coming of night—the first night alone in the desert.

After a time, the silence and the solitude weighed upon him so heavily, that he sought some kind of comfort and companionship in trying to talk to himself; but, in that forlorn situation, even the sound of his own voice made him shudder. The sun sank to its setting behind snow clouds; its last rays were trembling redly over the wilderness of white ground, when the howl of the wolves came down upon him on the icy wind. They were assembled in a ravine where the travellers' last horse had fallen dead some days before. Nothing was left of the animal but his polished bones and the rings of his harness; and over these bare relics of their feast the ravenous creatures wrangled and yelled all night long. The deserted man, listening to them in his tent, tried to while away the unspeakable oppression of the dark hours by calculating their varying numbers from the greater or lesser volume of the howling sounds that reached him. Exhaustion overpowered his faculties, while he was still at this melancholy

work. He slept till hunger woke him the next day, when the sun was high again in the heavens.

He cut a notch in the pole of his tent to mark that one day was passed. It was then the sixteenth or eighteenth of November; and by Christmas he vainly believed that he would be safe at the Mission. That second day was very weary; and his strength was failing him already. When he dragged up the wood and water to his tent, his feet were lame, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Hopeless and hungry, he sat down on his bed, filled his pipe with willow-leaves, the best substitute for tobacco that he possessed, and smoked in the warmth of the fire, with his eyes on the boiling kettle into which he had thrown a little maize. He was still thus occupied, when the dreary view through the opening of his tent was suddenly changed by the appearance of living beings. Some horsemen were approaching him, driving laden horses before them. His weapons were at hand, and, with these ready, he awaited their advance. As they came nearer, he saw that they were Indians of a friendly tribe, returning from a beaver hunt. Within gunshot they stopped; and one of them addressed him in English. They accepted his invitation to enter the tent; and, sitting there by his side, they entreated him, long and earnestly, to abandon the goods, to give up the vain hope of help from the Mission, and to save his life by casting his lot with theirs.

"The wolves," said the man who had first spoken in English—a Delaware Indian—"the wolves will give you no rest day or night, and if the men of the Pawnee tribe find you out, you will be robbed, murdered, and scalped. You have no hope of rescue. Bad horses would not live to get to you; and the whites of the Mission will not risk good horses and their own lives to save one man whom they will give up for lost. Come with us."

But Mr. Möllhausen, unfortunately for himself, put faith in the Mission. He was, moreover, bravely and honorably anxious to preserve the goods, only the smaller share of which happened to be his own property. Firmly persuaded that his fellow white men would not desert him, and that they would bring him easier means of travelling, in his disabled condition, than those which the Delawares could offer, he still held to his first resolution, and still said, "No."

The Indian rose to leave him.

"The word of a white," said the savage, "is more to you than the will and deed of a Red Skin. You have had your choice—may you not deceive yourself!"

With these words he shook Mr. Möllhausen by the hand, and he and his companions departed. They never once looked back at the traveller or his tent; but kept on their way rapidly towards the south, and left him a doomed man.

For the next eight days snow-storms raged incessantly, and threatened to bury him alive in his tent. Although he was, as yet, spared the pangs of hunger (the friendly Indians having increased his small stock of provisions by the leg of an antelope), his sufferings of other kinds were indescribable. He was so lame that he had to crawl on his hands and knees when he fetched his supply of water; his head swam; his memory failed him; and he dared not close his eyes by night for fear of the wolves. Maddened by hunger, they came nearer and nearer to him. Howling and yelling they circled round and round the tent, closer and closer, at the end of every day. One night he heard the snow outside crackling under their feet; the next, he saw the teeth of one of them appear through the leather side of his tent. He could only scare them away by firing at them in the darkness; but they returned to the attack in a few hours; and they left him no chance of sleep till the broad daylight drove them back to their lairs.

He was just strong enough on the ninth day to make the ninth notch in the pole of the tent. On the tenth he was powerless. His courage gave way; and he despaired, for the first time, of rescue. He had a medicine-chest with him, which he had already used, containing a small bottle of laudanum and a case of quinine. Without forming any distinct resolution, without well-knowing what he did, he put the laudanum bottle to his lips and almost emptied it. A deep swoon followed the draught: he remembered taking it, and remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself again it was pitch dark, and his tent poles were rocking in a gale of wind. Thirst, and, in a lesser degree, hunger, were his awakening sensations. He satisfied the first with half-melted snow, and the second with raw buffalo-meat. When his fire (which had dwindled to a few glimmering sparks) was relighted, he roasted the meat;

and recklessly devoured three days' rations at a meal. By the morning he was so much better (partly through the rest which the laudanum had given to his mind, partly through the sustenance which the excess of food had afforded to his body) that the preservation of his life became once more a matter of some interest to him. He tottered out, leaning on his rifle, to get a little exercise. In a few days he contrived to walk as far as the top of a low hill, from which he could look forth, all round, over the lonesome prospect.

By this time his provisions were at an end, and the last faint hope of rescue from the Mission had died out of his mind. It was a question, now, whether the man should devour the wolves, or the wolves the man. The man had his rifle, his ammunition, and his steady resolution to fight it out with solitude, cold, and starvation, to the very last—and the wolves dropped under his bullets, and fed him with their dry, sinewy flesh. He took the best part of the meat only, and left the rest. Every morning the carcass abandoned over night was missing. The wolves that were living devoured to the last morsel the wolves that were dead.

He grew accustomed to his wretched and revolting food, and to every other hardship of his forlorn situation—except the solitude of it. The unutterable oppression of his own loneliness hung upon his mind, a heavier and heavier weight with each succeeding day. A savage shyness at the idea of meeting with any living human creatures began to take possession of him. There were moments when he underwent the most fearful of all mortal trials—the conscious struggle to keep the control of his own senses. At such times, he sang, and whistled, and extended his walks to the utmost limits that his strength would allow; and so, by main force, as it were, held his own tottering reason still in its place.

Thus, the woful time—the dreary, lonely, hopeless hours—wore on till he had cut his sixteenth notch in the tent-pole. This was a memorable day in the history of the Crusoe of the snowy desert.

He had walked out to the top of the little hill to watch the sun's way downward in the wintry western heaven, and he was wearily looking about him, as usual, when he saw two human figures, specks as yet in the distance, approaching from the far north. The warn-

ing of the Delaware Indian came back to his memory, and reminded him that those two men were approaching from the district of the murderous Pawnees.

A moment's consideration decided him to await the coming of these strangers in a place of ambush, which commanded a view of his tent. If they were Pawnees, he knew that the time had come when they or he must die.

He went back to the tent, armed himself with as many weapons as he could carry, took the percussion-caps off the rest, and hid them under his bed. Then he put wood on the fire, so as to let the smoke rise freely through the opening at the top of the tent, and thereby strengthen any suspicion in the minds of strangers that a living man was inside it; and he next fastened the second opening, which served for door, tying it on the inner side, as if he had shut himself up for the night. This done, he withdrew to the frozen river of Sandy Hill Creek, about a hundred and fifty paces off, walking backwards so as to make his foot-marks in the snow appear to be leading to the tent, instead of away from it. Arrived on the ice, off which the high winds had drifted the snow up on the banks, he took off his shoes for fear the nails in them might betray him by scratches on the smoothly-frozen surface, and then followed the stream over the ice, till he reached the winding which brought its course nearest to his tent. Here he climbed up the bank, between two snow-drifts, and hid himself among some withered bushes, where the twigs and stalks gave him a sight of the tent, and just room enough, besides, for the use of his weapons.

In this situation he watched and listened. Although the frost was so intense that his breath froze on his beard, and his left hand felt glued to the barrel of his levelled rifle, the fever of expectation in his mind prevented his feeling the cold. He watched, for what seemed to be an interminable time; and, at last, the heads of the two men rose in sight over the brow of a neighboring hill. Their figures followed in another minute. All doubts were ended now—the last day in this world had dawned for him or for them—the men were Pawnees.

After holding counsel together on the hill, the savages threw back their buffalo skins, drew their full quivers before them, and strung their bows. They then separated. One walked to the top of the hill from which the deserted

traveller had first caught sight of them, to trace the direction of his footsteps: the other examined the track between the water and the tent. Both appeared to be satisfied with their investigations; both met again before the tent, and communicated with one another by gestures, which expressed their conviction that the victim was asleep by his fire inside. In another moment they drew their bow-strings, placing themselves so that their double fire of arrows should meet at right angles in the tent.

The man whose life they were seeking never felt that life so dear to him as at the moment when he saw them shoot five arrows into the place where he slept. Still he watched and waited; for his existence now depended on his cunning and patience, on his not miscalculating, by an instant, the time to fire. He saw the savages pause and listen before they ventured into the tent. One of them then dropped his bow, grasped his tomahawk, and knelt to creep under the curtained opening; while the other stood over him with his arrow in the string ready to shoot. In this position, the skull of the kneeling Indian was brought within the white man's line of sight; and he cocked his rifle. Faint as the click was, he saw that it had caught their quick ears—for they both started and turned round. Observing that this movement made the kneeling man less likely to escape his eye in the tent, he shifted his aim, and fired at the naked breast of the man with the bow. The sharp eye of the savage discovered his hidden enemy at the same instant, and he sprang aside. But it was too late—he was hit; and he fell with a scream that went through every nerve of Mr. Möllhausen's body. The other savage jumped to his feet; but the white man's weapon was the quicker of the two, and a discharge of buck-shot hit him full in the face and neck. He dropped dead on the spot, by the side of the other man who was still groaning.

Although he knew that he had justifiably shot, in self-defence, two savages, whose murderous design on his own life had been betrayed before his eyes—although he was absolutely certain that if either one of the Pawnees had been permitted to escape, the whole tribe would have been at the tent by the next day—the brave traveller's nerve deserted him when he saw his two enemies on the ground, and when he thought of the terrible after-necessity of hiding what had been done. With

a feeling of unutterable despair he mechanically reloaded his rifle, and approached the place. The groans of the Indian who had been shot in the breast moved his pity so strongly that they seemed to recall him to himself. First turning the dead Indian face downwards, to escape the horrifying sight of the mangled features, he approached his wounded enemy, and made signs that he would forgive him, help him, cover him with buffalo skins, take him into the tent, and there do all that was in the power of man to gain his good-will by preserving his life.

The savage lay writhing and bleeding with his teeth clenched, with his eyes glaring in deadly hatred through the long, black hair that almost covered his face. But, after a while, the merciful white man saw that his gestures were understood. A sense of relief, even of joy, overflowed his heart at the prospect of saving the Indian, and of securing a companion in his fearful solitude. The wounded man signed to him to come nearer, and pointed with his left hand to his right hand and arm, which lay twisted under him. Without the slightest suspicion, Mr. Möllhausen knelt over him to place his arm in an easier position. At the same moment, the wretch's right hand flashed out from beneath him, armed with a knife, and struck twice at the unprotected breast of the man who was trying to save him. Mr. Möllhausen parried the blows with his right arm, drew his own knife with his left hand, and inflicted on the vindictive savage the death that he had twice deserved. The rattle sounded in the throat, and the muscles of the naked figure stretched themselves in their last convulsion. The lost traveller was alone again; alone in the frozen wilderness, with the bodies of the two dead men.

The night was at hand—the night came—a night never to be forgotten, never in any mortal language to be described. Down with the gathering darkness came the gathering wolves; and round and round the two corpses in front of the tent they circled and howled. All through that awful night the lost man lay listening to them in the pitch darkness, now cooling his wounded arm with snow, now firing his pistol to scare the wolves from their human prey.

With the first gleam of daylight he rose to rid himself of the horrible companionship of the bodies, and of all that betrayed their fate,

before the next wandering Indians came near the spot, and before the wolves gathered again with the darkness. Hunger drove him to begin by taking their provision of dried buffalo-meat from under the dead men's leathern girdles. He then rolled up their remains, with whatever lay about them, in their buffalo robes, tied them round, dragged them, one after the other, to the hole in the ice where he got his water, and pushed them through it, to be carried away by the current of the river.

Even yet, the number of his necessary precautions was not complete. He had a large fire to make, next, on the spot where the two savages had dropped, with the double object of effacing all traces of their fall, and of destroying the faintest scent of blood before the wolves collected again. When the fire had dwindled to a heap of ashes, a new snow-storm smoothed out all marks of it. By the next morning not a sign was left to betray the deaths of the Indians—the smooth ground was as empty and as white as ever—and of all that had happened, on that memorable sixteenth day of the traveller's sojourn in the wilderness, nothing now remained but the terrible recollection of it.

The time wore on from that date, without an event to break the woeful monotony of it, until Christmas came. He was still alive in his solitude on Christmas-day. A stolid apathy towards the future had begun to get possession of him; his sense of the horror of his situation grew numbed and dull; the long solitude and the ceaseless cold seemed to be slowly freezing his mind, and making a new wilderness there, dreary and empty as the waste that encompassed him. His thoughts wandered with a certain sadness to the Christmas-trees and the children's festivals, at that blessed season, in his native Germany—but he was too far gone for any deep grief, or for any bitter pangs of despair. He kept Christmas-day with the only indulgence he could afford himself, a pipeful of the dry willow leaves; and, as night fell, he lay on his back by the fire, looking up through the hole in his tent at the frosty heavens, and fancying dimly that the kind stars looked down on him, as they had often looked, in bygone days, at home.

The old year ended, and the new year came. His hold on life was slackening—and the end was not far off. It was daylight, early in the

month of January. He was resting on his blankets—not asleep, and not awake. Suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps reached him on the still air. It was no dream—a salutation in the Indian language sounded in his ears a moment afterwards. He roused himself, and caught up his rifle. More words were spoken before he could get out of the tent. It was the English language this time. "You are badly off here, friend," said a cheerful voice. Had the white men of the Post and the Mission remembered him at last? No. When the tent covering was raised, an Indian entered, and pushed his five foot rifle in before him. A savage looking man, with five savage companions. The lost traveller advanced to meet them with his rifle ready. Happily, he was wrong this time. These savage wanderers of the prairie—these charitable heathens, whom the pitiless Christians at the Mission were established to convert—had come to do the good work which his white brethren had, to their eternal disgrace, neglected; they had come to save him.

The man who had spoken in English was a half-breed—a voluntary renegade from civilization. His companions belonged, like himself, to the friendly tribe of Ottoo Indians. They had gone out with their squaws on a hunting expedition; and they had seen the smoke of the lost traveller's fire two miles off. "You are hungry," they said to him, producing their own food—"eat. You are ready to perish—come with us. You are sick—we will take care of you and clothe you." These were the words of the Red Skins; and the friendly promises they implied were performed to the letter.

On the next day every member of the hunting party, including the women and the boys, assembled at the tent to remove the forsaken white man, and all that belonged to him, to their own camp. The goods, for the preservation of which he had risked his life, were packed up; the wagon, abandoned by his fellow traveller and himself, at the beginning of their disasters, when their last horse died, was cleared of snow and made fit for use again; and even the tent was not left behind. It was too firmly frozen to the ground to be pulled up; so it was cut off just above the snow, and was thrown over the rest of the baggage. When the Indians had packed the wagon, their wives and their boys harnessed themselves to it, and dragged it away cheer-

fully to the camp. Mr. Möllhausen, and the elder warriors followed. The Prussian traveller stopped before he left the place forever, to take a last look at the lonely scene of all his sufferings and all his perils. The spot where his tent had stood was still marked in the snowy waste by the ashes of his expiring fire. His eyes rested long on that last-left, touching trace of himself and his hardships, then wandered away to the little hill from which he used to look out on his solitude—to the bank of the river where he had lain in ambush for the Pawnees—to the hole in the ice through which he had thrust their bodies. He shuddered, as well he might, at the dreadful memories which the familiar objects around him called up. A moment more, and he was descending the hill, from the summit of which he had looked back, to follow the trail of his Indian friends—a moment more, and he had left his home in the desert forever.

In less than five weeks from that time, he and his wagon-load of goods were safe, thanks

to the Ottoo Indians, at a fur-trading station on the Missouri river; and he was eating good bread again, and drinking whisky-punch in the society of white men.

The particulars of this fearful narrative of suffering and peril have been abridged from an episode in Mr. Möllhausen's own record of his travelling adventures in North America during a second visit to that part of the world, when he was in the employment of the United States Government. The book (published in London by Messrs. Longman and Co.) is written with great modesty and good sense; and contains some of the most curious revelations of manners and customs among the North American Indians which have yet been offered to the public. The author's experiences among the friendly Otoes who rescued him may be singled out as especially interesting, or, more properly (from the singular nature of his position, at that period of his travels), as something quite unique.

IMPORTANT BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.—The London Athenæum says that Professor Tischendorf, who had been sent by the Russian Government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated the 15th of March, states, to the Minister of Saxony, Herr von Falkenstein, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, from the fourth century, consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which hitherto, in all commentaries, maintained the first rank. This it will have to share in future with the newly discovered manuscript, if Herr Tischendorf be not mistaken. In 346 beautifully fine parchment leaves, of such size that only two can have been cut out of one skin, it contains the greatest part of the Prophets, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Jesus Sirach, the Proverbs, the Song of Solomon, and several of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament; but then the whole of the New Testament is complete. Another valuable discovery of Professor Tischendorf is described as an undoubted and complete manuscript of the Epistle of Barnabas, and of the Shepherd of Hermas, both belonging to the second century

of the Christian era, and originally standing in the esteem of the Scriptural Epistles. Herr Tischendorf hopes, from the munificence of the Russian Government, that he will be enabled to give immediate publication to these three manuscripts.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.—We are happy to inform our readers that nearly a thousand tons of granite have been delivered upon the hill in the vicinity of the proposed "Monument to the Forefathers," and the Messrs. Hall of this town have commenced laying them in form to constitute the foundation to the monument itself. The corner-stone, which is already cut at the yard in Quincy, will be laid on the first of August with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. Mr. Billings, the artist in charge, is now sanguine of rapid progress in the work, and we hope he is not to be disappointed. We are among those who have doubted the propriety of attempting so large a work, but as the design of the artist, when carried out, will present one of the grandest memorials which could be raised to our Pilgrim fathers, one commanding the entire bay and surrounding country, we shall cheerfully bid the workmen, God speed in their enterprise.—*Plymouth Rock, May 19.*

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

ALL the year round : its changes but remind us
Life hath its "must" and "may be" as of
yore ;

For the same hues that tinge the clouds behind us
Color the shapings of the mists before.

The future year : it seems a golden glory
Betwixt young faces and the morning light,
A tremulous, dull haze before the hoary,
Through whose faint redness shine the stars
of night.

All the year round go bridal forth, and hearses ;
Love-iroth and battle-cry, the curse, the
prayer,

The slave's low moaning, and the poet's verses,
Together reach the undulating air ;
Round the full household, here, one joyful
mother

Wreathes her rich love, a bower of living
bloom,
That Death hath never enter'd ; there, another
Must plant hers, drooping o'er one little tomb.

All the year round : in dungeons deep and lonely,
Time's falling life-drops load the brain like
lead,

That clear as wine to happy hearts seem only
One swift libation unto Laughter shed.
Millions of pleasant homes the land adorn,
While homeless Hunger, wearying for one,
Dies on the road 'mid plenteous fields of corn
Bright'ning like golden mem'ries of the sun.

All the year round are little children roaming
Where the hip reddens, or the hawthorn
blooms,

And more but know the summer by its coming
An awful visitant to loathsome rooms.
Yea, while the land hath fair and favor'd daugh-
ters,

Dwelling as in a beautiful calm dream,
Thousands, like rose-leaves cast on surging
waters,

Are lost amid the city's fierce life-stream.

All the year round is there no bold endeavor
To crush those ancient ills and errors sore,
While this new-breaking wave of God's forever
Sighs solemnly along the tide-worn shore ?
There is, there is a noble grand aggression,
A stir among the nations that shall last
Till each time-honor'd wrong and old oppres-
sion

Be talked of with the ruins of the past.

All the year round : fresh knowledge lights the
journey,

There is some forward step by Freedom
made,

And knightly hearts as ever beat at tournay
Go forth to seek adventures undismay'd,
Fight Prejudice and Pride, and leave them
wounded,

Slay giant ills, set gentle mercies free ;
Let the retreat of old Romance be sounded,—
Ours is a higher, holier chivalry.

All the year round a new crusade is preaching,
The cross to rescue from hard hands that
sought

To hide its light serene with sterner preaching,
Than pity to the friendless and untaught ;
And gracious men seek out the city-heathen,
The lost young children in each sinful haunt,
Touch, like their Master, hearts that vice hath
wreathen

With life-long bonds, nor bid the worst
avaunt.

All the year round the poets with more power
Catch up the lovely strain—Good will to
men !

And War, the gorgeous demon, learns to cower
Before the mighty wizards of the pen.

And the peer finds within his toiling neighbor
A soul no longer stinted with coarse food,
And, proud to join the brotherhood of labor,
Works in his order for the common good.

All the year round a clearer faith is shining,
And the long yearnings after rest increase ;
Yet shall the world, her weary head reclining,
Dream a new poem on the lap of peace ;
For Truth is opening wide her bright Evangel,
And the felt darkness over nations spread
Is but the shadow of that hovering angel
Soon to descend with sunshine on its head.

All the year round the watchful heaven is o'er
us,

And Hope's melodious whisper floateth by
That the old poets' spring day is before us,
A sacred bridal of the earth and sky.
When Heaven's pure spirit shall about us
gather,

Its infinite calm and lovingness draw near,
Till thankful earth shall feel its present Father,
His temple's outer court all round the year.
—Household Words.

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

BEHOLD the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall,
In rushing river tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea !

—Atlantic Monthly.

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